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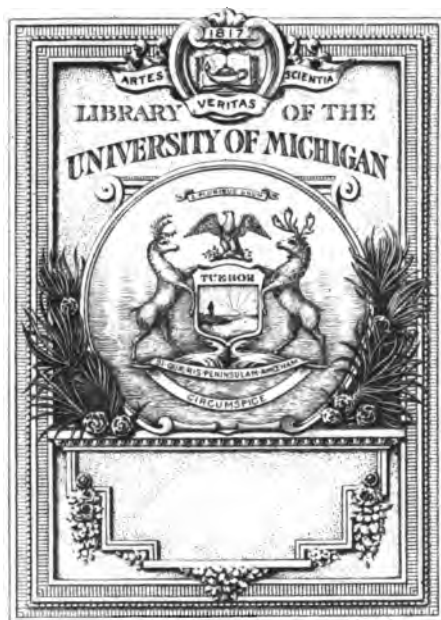
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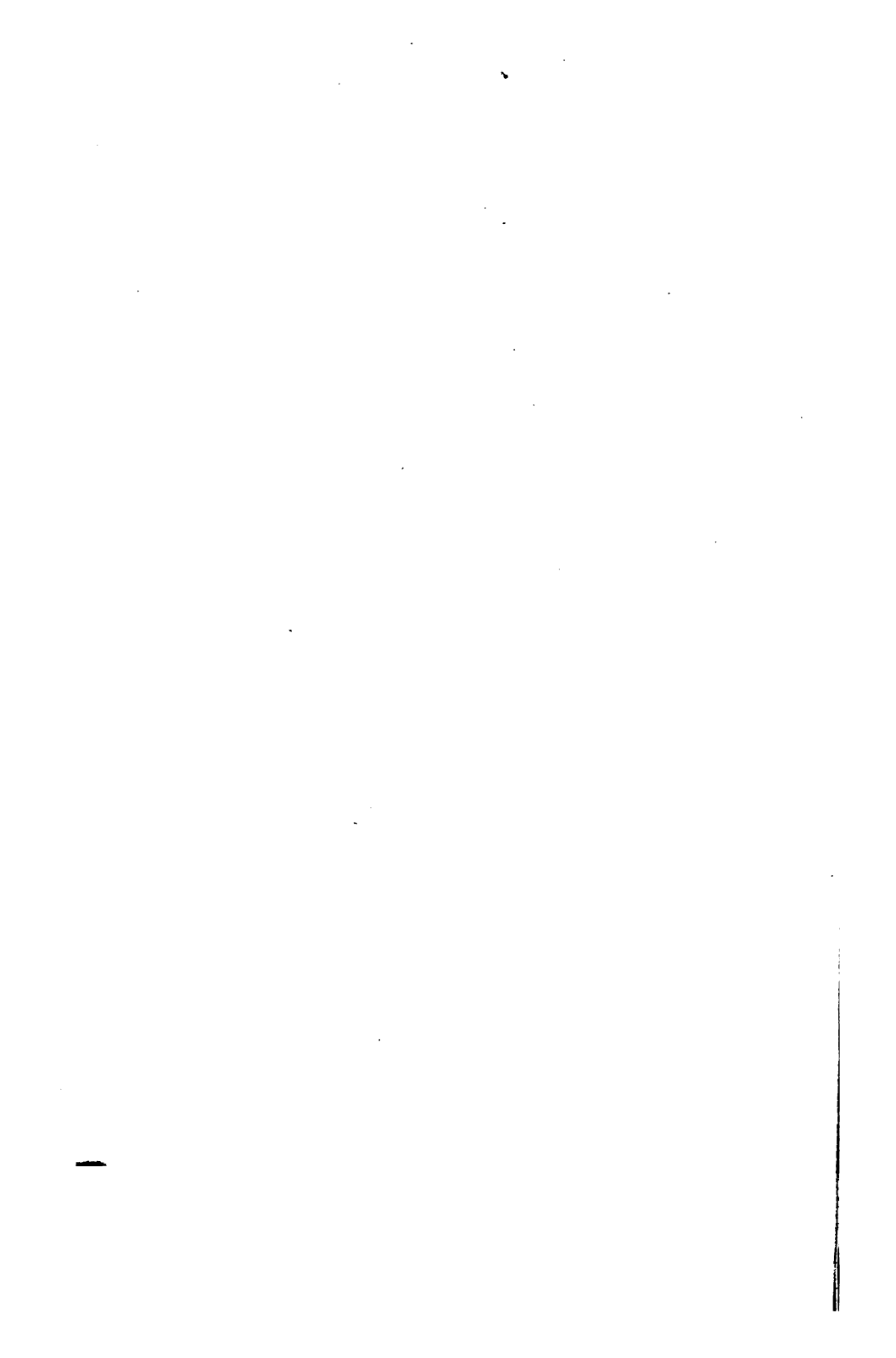
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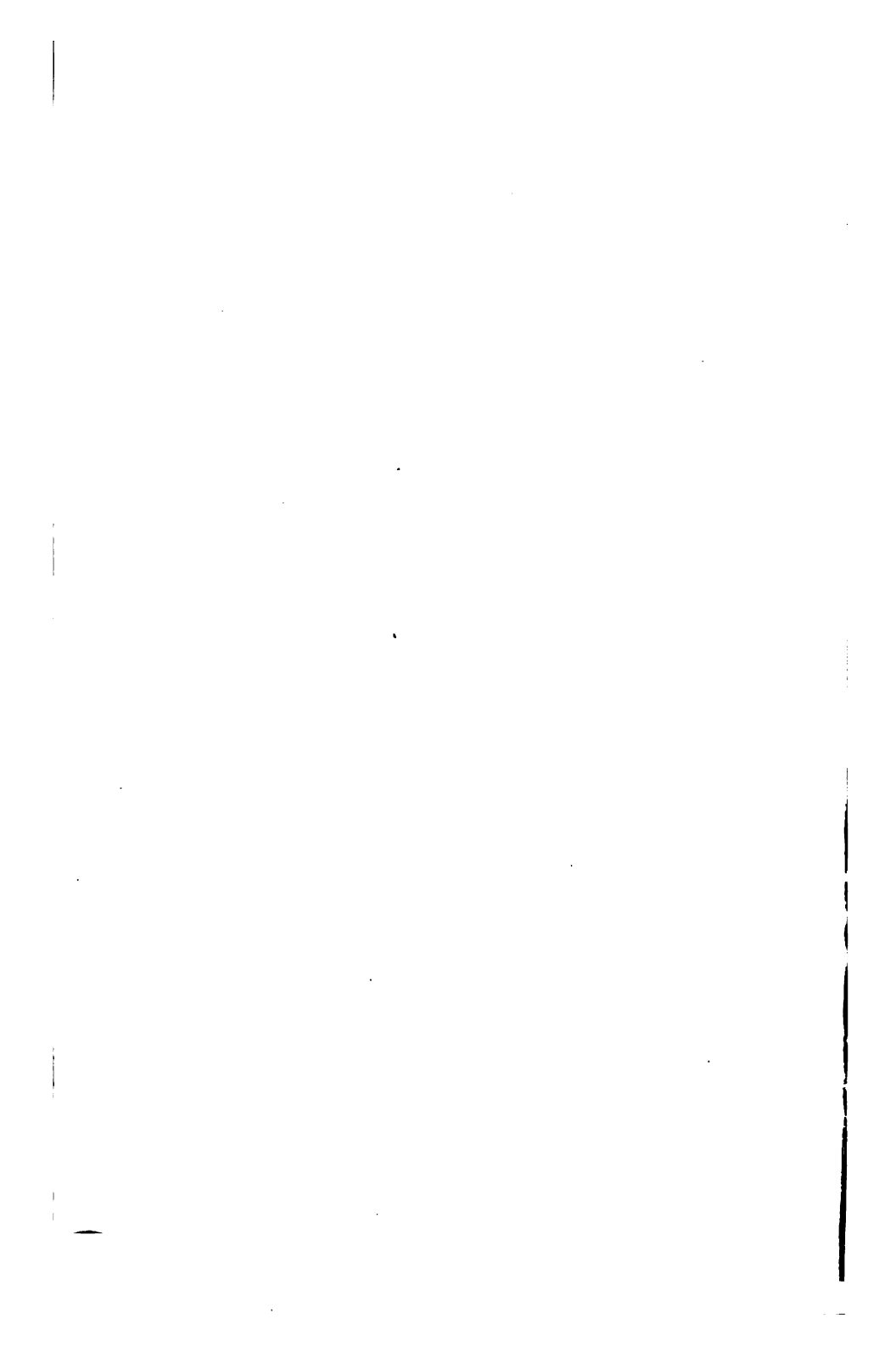
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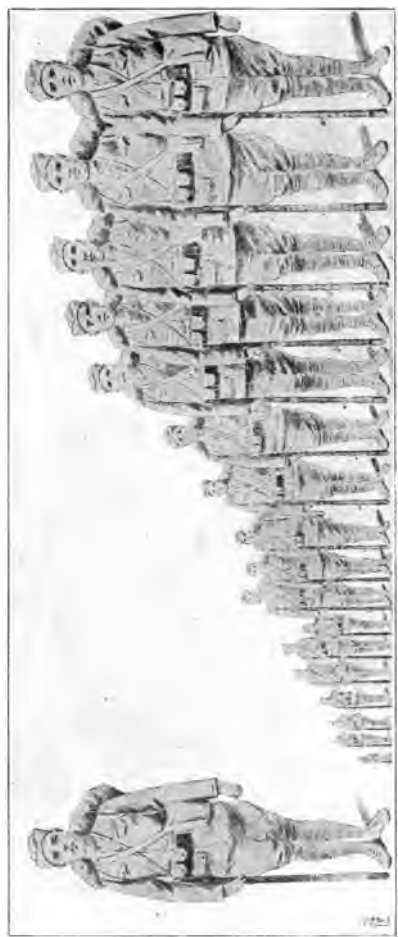




2



Mehr als 1.900.000 amerikanische Truppen sind jetzt in Frankreich, und mehr als zehn Mal so viel stehen in Amerika bereit.



Die jährliche Zunahme der amerikanischen Armee in Frankreich:	1917.	1918.
Gen. 76.000 Mann	1.718	1.917
Bis auf 1.900.000 Mann	12.961	12.968
	18.335	18.335
	22.016	22.016
	38.288	38.288
	48.410	48.410
	46.776	46.776
	46.027	46.027
	83.811	83.811
	117.218	117.218
	244.346	244.346
	276.279	276.279
	384.000	384.000
	512.000	512.000
	811.000	811.000

Obiges Bild veranschaulicht die Zunahme der monatlich eingeschifften amerikanischen Truppen.

ADVENTURES IN PROPAGANDA

LETTERS FROM
AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER
IN FRANCE

By HEBER BLANKENHORN
CAPTAIN, MILITARY INTELLIGENCE DIVISION, U.S.A.



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
~~the Riverside Press~~ Cambridge
1919



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PREFACE

TRUTH has accumulated many attributes, but it remained for the greatest struggle of humanity to place it among high explosives and poison gas as munitions of war. For the first time in the history of military operations the truth was used as an effective weapon. It was to organize its use by the Army of the United States that my husband sailed for France on Bastille Day, July 14, 1918, with a group of six Intelligence officers.

They were directed first to establish relations with the Propaganda Boards of France, England, and Italy, then to proceed to General Headquarters, A.E.F., and assemble the machinery for a propaganda drive over the enemy lines during the autumn of 1918. The following winter, the closed season for military offensives, they originally planned to devote to intensive work among the peoples and armies of Austria-Hungary and to return to their attack on German morale with the Army's promised offensive in the spring of 1919. It was an ambitious programme, — one that savored of impudence on the part of so small

[v]

Preface

and inexperienced a band, — but they went like young crusaders, determined to slay dragons and overcome evil. Their plans were changed by Foch's sudden swing from defense to attack in the summer of 1918, which called for immediate activity on the Western Front.

Before they left America, the Administration, recognizing that the machinery for their work was wholly military, had directed that the Army should prepare and distribute propaganda over the enemy lines. The Committee on Public Information was expected to collaborate in the preparation of material, but during the onrush of events which made history in the final weeks of October 5th to November 11th, it remained for President Wilson himself to become the unique propagandist, not alone for humanity, but in a very literal sense for the A.E.F. The Army's whole machinery for printing, translation, and distribution was set to the work of getting the President's messages into the pockets of the German soldier. The difficulties of keeping this intellectual offensive abreast of an advancing and victorious army were enormous. That they were overcome is shown by the evidence of well-thumbed propaganda pamphlets in the hands of every two out of three German prisoners

Preface

who came into our lines during the last days before the armistice.

England, France, Italy, and Russia had spread the evidences of her crimes throughout Germany for nearly four years before the United States came into the fight. We had in this, as in every other field, the use of their experience and machinery. It was our good fortune to bring new strength to the truth offensive, as we had brought fresh blood to the line, at the moment when both were most needed. Our contribution to the war of ideas was due to the enthusiasm and conviction of the right inspired in the men who handled these weapons by the man who provided their most effective material, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States.

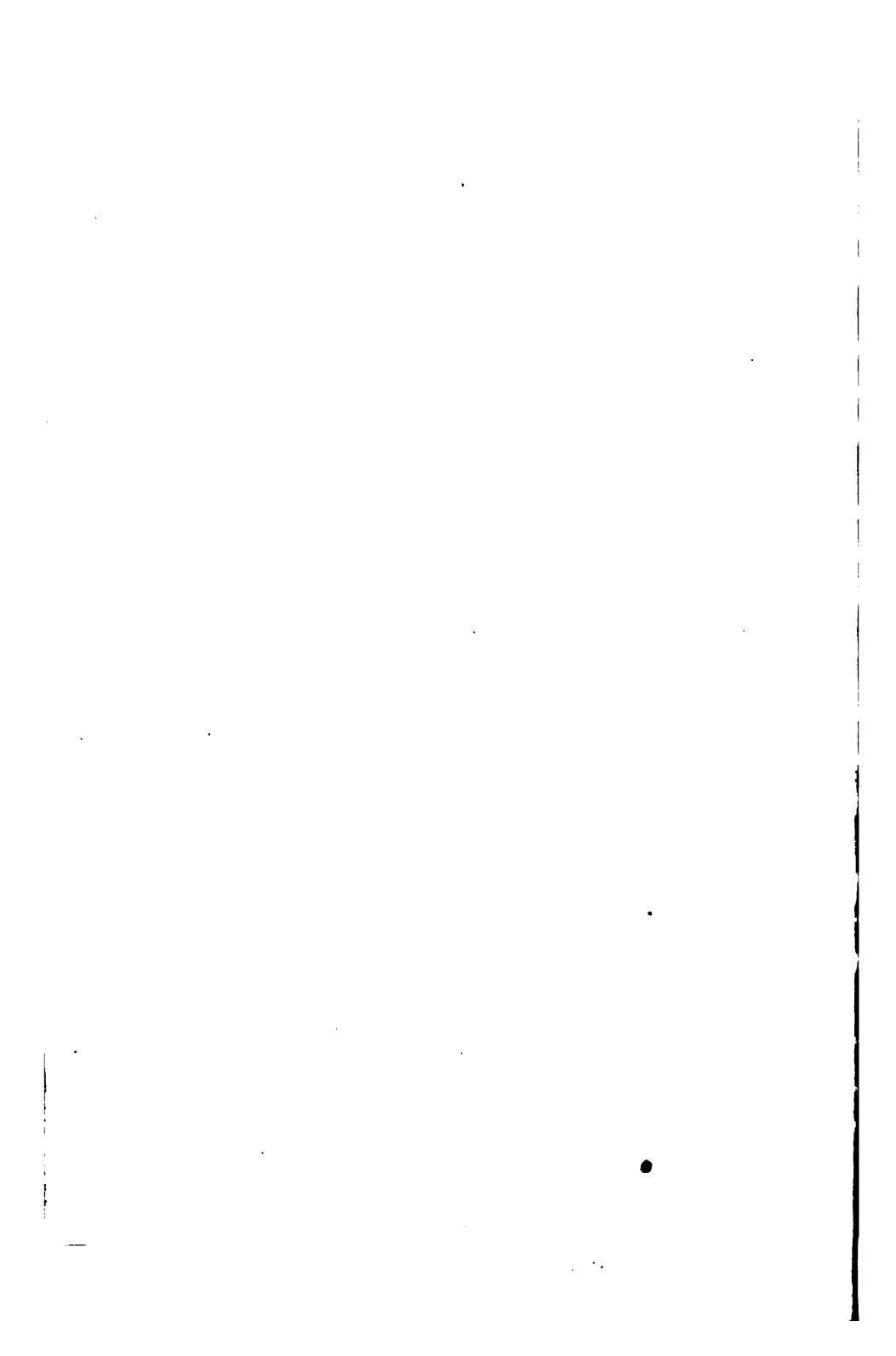
MARY DEWHURST BLANKENHORN

New York City

February 1919

NOTE

It is almost needless to say that the following letters were written with no thought of publication. They were, in fact, edited and submitted to the publishers before consultation with the writer.



ILLUSTRATIONS

AMERICAN PROPAGANDA SHOWING THE GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE . *Frontispiece*

The German reads: —

"More than 1,900,000 American troops are now in France, and more than ten times as many stand ready in America."

(Below, at left.) "The yearly increase of the American Army in France: From 76,000 men to 1,800,000 men."

(Below, at right.) "The picture above shows the monthly arrivals of American troops."

KIND WARNINGS FROM THE ENEMY! 14

German Propaganda Newspaper published in Frankfurt for Circulation among the A.E.F.

WALL AT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, A.E.F., WITH EXHIBIT OF BRITISH AND GERMAN PROPAGANDA 52

BROTHERLY FRIGHTFULNESS (BRITISH PROPAGANDA) 54

The Murder of Russian Freedom by German Socialists after the Brest-Litovsk Treaty.

KULTUR CARTOON SENT BY THE GERMANS OVER AND INTO THE LINES OF THE BRITISH FIFTH ARMY IN MARCH, 1918 54

WALL AT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, A.E.F., WITH EXHIBIT OF FRENCH PROPAGANDA AND THE BEGINNINGS OF AN AMERICAN EXHIBIT . . . 66

Illustrations

THE HUNGER DRIVE: AMERICAN MENUS USED OFFENSIVELY OVER THE ENEMY LINES AND TO BE SENT HOME BY BOCHE PRISONERS . . . 78

The correspondence side of this "Field Postcard for German soldiers captured by the American Army" reads: —

"Take this card, write the address of your family on it, and if you are captured by the Americans, give it to the officer in command of your detachment. He will make it his business to send it off and so relieve your relatives as to your condition.

"Write nothing on this side.

"Strike out what is not the case.

"I am captured { Slightly wounded
 Seriously wounded
 Unhurt

"Do not worry about me. The war is over for me. I have good food. The American Army gives its prisoners the same food as its own soldiers: Beef, white bread, potatoes, beans, prunes, coffee, milk, butter, tobacco, etc."

THE MEANING OF ST.-MIHIEL (AMERICAN PROP- AGANDA) 94

The legend above the map reads: —

"The salient, where the Germans had defended themselves for four years, was taken in 27 hours by the Americans."

Below: —

"[The shaded line] Front on the morning of September 12.

"[The dotted line] Front on the morning of September 13.

"390 square kilometers were gained.

"The number of prisoners amounts to 15,000."

AMERICAN JUSTICE (GERMAN PROPAGANDA) . . 122 From *Kladderadatsch*, September 8, 1918.

Illustrations

The four legends read as follows:—

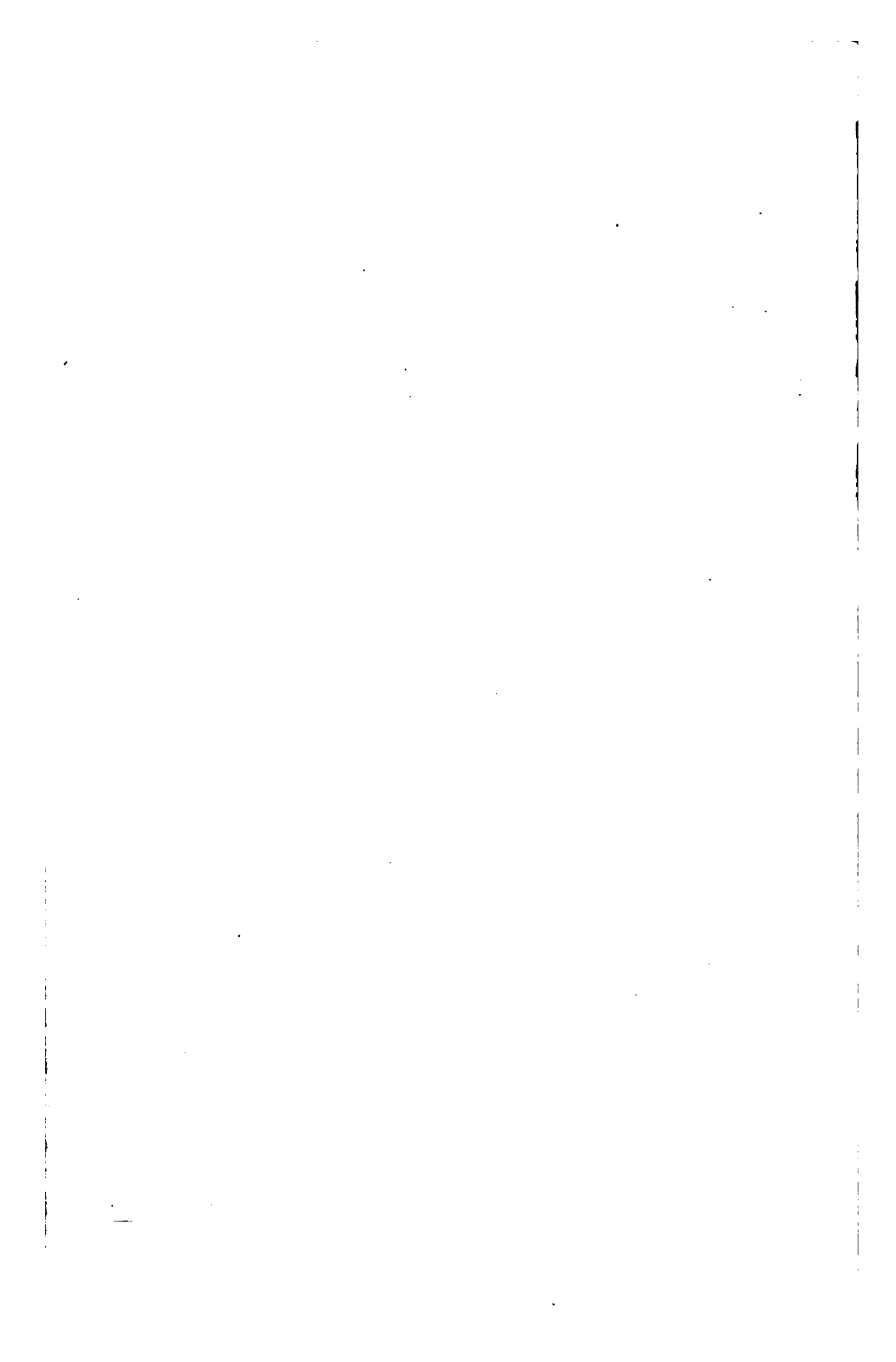
“In Kansas the Pro-German Jimmy Walker was lynched. The murderers were acquitted.”

“The nigger Sam Darky shot the widow Aunt Lizzy because she was reading the Bible in the Lutheran version. He was acquitted.”

“The Chippeway Indian Bloody Shirt lassoed the boy Tommy Pinkleton because he was carrying a few Frankfurters for his father. He was acquitted.”

“Professor Woodrow Wilson has written a book according to which Germany is the best governed state. He was acquitted.”

G. 2.'s CHRISTMAS CARD 154



ADVENTURES IN PROPAGANDA

I

Somewhere at Sea,

July 17, 1918

ALREADY my world is completely one of khaki; throngs, orders, movements, bigness — a great task. Surely it is good fortune that we go as we do. I've been inexpressibly helped by the pushing, seething throng about me — even the red tape was for once a diversion.

Talking at sea or of the sea is a difficult matter in war-time; I'm corked. Friend Censor says I can write from "Somewhere at Sea," the same as "Somewhere in France" later on — but all the wonders of the deep are a closed chapter. And it will continue so in France — that's one of the nuisances of this interfering old war.

If you could see me now you would laugh at me sitting here with a life preserver with an upstanding flare collar much like the ladies of

Adventures in Propaganda

Elizabeth's Court. Everybody has a sort of Arctic look from the waist up, padded and bulgy, but I can assure you it's the correct dress for dining, strolling, sleeping, smoking, and singing.

We tear along — great weather until to-day, and this is surely dirty weather. I cannot write about our leave-taking of American waters nor of the circumstances so far. All's well — amazingly *well* — for all except a porpoise or two and a whale which died suddenly *en route*. No scare, and the subjects of conversation are but two — orders and submarines. I have arrived at a working mental attitude on the latter; we won't see one nor be touched, but we're all entirely ready. I have seen stars overhead as I slept on deck and enjoyed magnificent sunrises.

A deal of routine eats up our time, and brainless matters like sleep, meals, drills, consume the days. The ship at night rides like a great ghost, without a ray of light; stairs and companions are blind dark, with here and there an eerie purplish bulb to mark corners, but giving

Adventures in Propaganda

no light. In a sense the ship is loaded with U-boats; especially at night they slide under tables and scuttle in the hold and swish and leer at the bulbs which are scared blue. Our attitude is one of alert indifference. It's no place for pallid hearts, but it's no nightmare for stout ones either. At unearthly hours gongs sound, feet rush along the ringing decks, doors are pounded on, and voices cry, "ABANDON SHIP drill," just like that — the first two words very loud and menacing, the last almost inaudible. It wakes one up — I will say — and we feel for our accoutrements and yawn and scamper to our quarters near the rafts.

It's odd how childish and unbelievable camouflage makes the war seem. It makes it all look like the insane jest of the feeble-minded or a kid's toy. Man's war playthings — childish, ridiculous!

Finally, the convoying destroyers have come, tearing up out of a foggy, rainy, menacing deep — with terrific speed and bringing great comfort, but still looking like jokes — painted, restless insects.

II

Paris, July 25, 1918

OF COURSE I can't talk about sighting *la belle France* or of landing. One thing we had rubbed into us. The service is made to handle masses of men, and we Propagandists were classed as "casuals." There was no provision for us and we had the devil of a time because of that.

It was in a mighty meeting-place of outlandish shipping that we debarked. Interminable delays marked the process — at last we jumped ashore *in France*. Finally again we "casuals" were formed in column and found ourselves marching through streets, through open country over misty hilltops — marching into France!

That was unexpected and thrilling. Here were French old stone houses — "boucherie," "épicerie," "buvette," "commerce de vins," and the like, lettered over the doors and little shops. There were children — yes, in smocks — sparkling-eyed, — the boys in tight short breeches, the girls running alongside to seize

Adventures in Propaganda

our hands and call "monnee — thank you — good-bye — give monnee." There were widows, women in heavy mourning. There were soldiers, some French, many American. They cheered us — some merely looked at us with cool, appraising eyes. The funniest of all were three little girls who stood hand in hand and sang in clear thin voices this American song:

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here,
What-the-hell do we care now";

which set the whole American column roaring with laughter. The children did n't know the meaning of the words, but let me tell you that their elders' attitude is a lot like the literal meaning of the song. I don't blame them much.

It fogged, then rained as we marched. There were stragglers and my camp-trained men, Griscom and Ifft, shouted scornfully at the laggards, who were soft from ship lethargy. Merz carried the pack of one man and Ifft a gun. We slogged along in the mud and discomfort calling it a wonderful experience, but a bit boggled in mind over finding ourselves route-marching at command in France. In open

Adventures in Propaganda

country we would pause, then forge ahead rather aimlessly. In dark night we reached a rest camp.

So it was called. It's an old Napoleon-built barracks, parade-ground, and camp. We fought around and finally got three blankets each, some candles, and I for one borrowed a drink off a sentry. On the muggy ground we stretched out in our steamy clothes and soggy raincoats and tried to sleep.

Next morning Walter and I finally got passes and forced our way out. Then in the town we fought red tape and at last rescued ourselves and our comrades for a sleep in a decent hotel and rose early for the long and perfectly delightful trip here.

That was a delight. For the first time in months I *knew* there was no war. I was absolutely back in peace-times, had no earthly sense of any war anywhere. The reason for me was plain. It was a powerful hark-back to the old tourist days, idle sight-seeing and travel-cheer — and of course there was no war. We passed American soldiers and supplies, but they were

Adventures in Propaganda

scenic episodes. We passed Chartres Cathedral. That was a fitting episode. So was Versailles.

Misgiving began at the Gare Montparnasse. Paris stretched out beneath looked all right, but there were no taxis crowding 'round and no hotel 'busses as in the old days. We got a fiacre at last; the cabby said the horse was American, *blessé* and *réformé* from the war. So we got to the Hotel Continental.

When we went out it was dark. Then came the shock. The city of light was black and deserted and whispery and menaced. It was ghastly. We strode the once gay boulevards appalled. Thin streams of passers-by, the great cafés caves of darkness, eerie bluish-green marker lights in the black streets — "Paris is taken by the Germans, the Hun has got us," we said.

We passed a famous Place; in two places windows and cornices were shattered. A famous monument in the centre was being sandbagged and cemented over for protection. It was shocking, blasting, and astonishing. Coming clap on top of our day of peace it gave us a jolting conception of the reach of war. A horrible joke on

Adventures in Propaganda

mankind by mankind — to build up so light-some a city and then blacken it. The war which was still out of sight and sound seemed close.

A great surprise befell me yesterday, and a greater for the other man. I was hurrying through the court of the Continental at noon when among the American officers around I noticed one reading a newspaper. I could see only the upper part of his face, but I knew it or thought I did. He lowered his paper. It was he. I let out a shout and threw out a hand. He looked entirely doubtful, then realization spread on his face rather slowly and he said, "I did n't know you." It was Marion. [Captain Blankenhorn's brother, a captain in the Medical Corps who had been with a British Base Hospital for more than a year.] I stumbled over him just like that. I thought he was in Rouen and he thought I was in America. We gave over the afternoon to each other. He looks the same as when he went, very fit, more experienced, and he certainly has had experiences! Shells are an old story to him. He is stationed here, transferred to the A.E.F.

Adventures in Propaganda

I took him to luncheon and to-night he took me to dinner with Christy, his pal. We walked down to Notre Dame together, and it was almost like another peace evening and almost I had some one to make sight-seeing endurable again.

III

Paris, July 31, 1918

SOME of my meetings to-day were queer. I met three ex-reporters of the *Evening Sun* within an hour. Walking along the Rue de Rivoli I saw a sergeant of a medical unit who, when I hailed him, looked at me goggle-eyed. It was George Wood, the little fellow, you recall, who used to get my strike stories for me. He looks better than ever before and is crazy to get to the front from his rear hospital, which he avers is full of young slackers. That's the first case of slacking I've heard of in the A.E.F.

Then sitting in the little old Café des Pyramides at dinner I spied Mountsier. He, too, never recognized me until I addressed him. The uniform must make a difference in my looks. He pointed out Paul Scott Mowrer, a friend of Bullard's, with whom I immediately fell into intimate talk. It's a small world. It's a large war.

We had just returned from G.H.Q. in the

Adventures in Propaganda

unnamable town which marks the end of our first stage [Chaumont]. There we put ourselves on the map most successfully. But such a lot of things I can't talk about. One thing was amusing. We walked up to the place from the hotel and at the door saw an imposing-looking car with four stars on a little plate behind. Like kids we said, "Oh, let's wait a minute." Then we edged over to the door and stepped inside the corridor. We pretended to read the G.O.'s posted up. There were military steps on the stair and we all drew up in line. It was just a smart young subaltern aide. We relaxed. Then more steps, and down the stairs strode *The Man* [General Pershing]. We whipped to salute and as he went by he saluted and said, "Good afternoon, gentlemen." He looked the very *beau-idéal* of a soldier. Very nice of him to receive us so!

We made good friends at the officers' club, among them "F.P.A.," and between them and busy conferences spent jolly hours tramping the town which is French *tout entier* and quite picturesque. Below us we saw the Marne, and

Adventures in Propaganda

the streets are new-named — “Rue du Défense Héroïque de Verdun!” etc. We came back thrilled by the stories we had heard of what the Americans did in the last offensive. It is still quite unbelievable to me. “The Americans saved Paris. It was the American divisions who stood against Germany’s best when the French best, worn out, fell back. The American divisions are the best on either side of the line, the best in the world.” Such stuff said in Foch’s headquarters is astounding. Soldiers who have seen say that there is no army like ours, no such fanatical fighting men anywhere. That an almost religious passion is all through our armies, and that the Boche has had his morale badly shaken. Marion, who talked with wounded Australians, said that they complained that “the Yanks were too bloody — treated the Boche too rough. They, the Aussies, would n’t go fighting with them again — they were too fierce.”

There can be no doubt that a surprising rise in French morale has resulted from the *communiqués* of July 4 and July 14. “Now we cannot lose,” is their talk.

IV

Paris, August 2, 1918

A BUSY day, then hungry to a really good dinner, then out into the Tuileries Gardens. And like a stone thrown at me the lack of you struck home.

It was all so fair — a rolling, tossing sky of rain-clouds, the evening sun making the heavens dramatic, the mighty Louvre shot with lights and shadows, Napoleon's Arch, the long, formal gardens quaint with yellow daisies, homey geraniums, dahlias, hollyhocks even, and all the old-fashioned posies inside the stiff rows of box. At one side a monument sandbagged up to remind of the war, and over all a growing, glorious, peaceful evening rainbow. Back in the other direction the obelisk of the Place de la Concorde and the huge elephant of the Arc de Triomphe and close by a joyous nude nymph silhouetted against the sunset. What the hell was the delight of any of it! I was so lonesome.

V

Officers' Inn, St. James's Place,

London, August 5, 1918

IN the biggest city, after a memorable crossing — memorable personally, for nothing happened to put the crossing on the red books of the Navy. In two days we were in three capitals, French, Belgian, and British. At the second we had a magnificent talk with Brand Whitlock, and since here have talked with Graham Wallas and Alfred Zimmern and will see and confer with many interesting men. Have already run across some newspaper friends.

We moved to-day from the Savoy and its expensiveness and bad service to this Officers' Inn and its quaint comfort. In the centre of a little old London park they have built a sort of Adirondacks lodge-hotel with a big dining-room, big airy reception-room, big writing-room, and radiating wings full of tiny bedrooms, or cubicles, as they call them. A little garden court is left in the centre, in the bull's-eye of which is

AMERICA IN EUROPE

A PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD FELLOWSHIP AMONG ALL NATIONS

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MONDAY, AUGUST 5, 1912

How to contact _____ 800



LLOYD GEORGE, ADDRESSING THE SAMMIES

*My hope for you also is to appreciate the high honor that you are permitted to do as a citizen of

NEWS FROM AMERICA

Symptoms of Immune Suppression

[illegible]

WATH ARE YOU FIGHTING FOR, SAMMY?

For the first time, the authors have shown that the

[illegible]

WAP NEWS

WIRE NEWS

The 50th Anniversary of the War

KIND WARNINGS FROM THE ENEMY!

German Propaganda Newspaper published in Frankfort for circulation among the A. E. F.

Adventures in Propaganda

an old statue of William the Second on a horse. It looks like a paddock.

To-day we invaded the War Office; met Lord Milner, the Secretary for War, who asked us to apply to him personally if we should find obstructions in the way of getting everything we wanted! Merz has been working out at Graham Wallas's home in Highgate where Walter took us for the mellow-ripe humanity of that really great young-old man. To-morrow we meet Northcliffe and the day after Lord Beaverbrook. Wickham Steed, Seton-Watson, and H. G. Wells are among the men we shall see, and probably Henderson.

London is the place to work in. Paris is a show, but here the air is like New York and one digs in. The town is full of Australian and Canadian soldiers, on leave — very few Americans. Everywhere are men in the blue uniform with the red tie of the great British War Hospitals — patients getting over "a blighty one." But the most striking thing is the women. France is full of women wearing black. England has *none*. London instead is full of women in uni-

Adventures in Propaganda

forms — “W.A.A.C’s,” “Wrens,” “V.A.D.’s,” and scores of kinds of munition and war-service uniforms. Columns of “land women,” girls in breeches, leggings, coats, and felt hats, stride through the streets, marching orderly to stations for outbound trains. They look strong, efficient, dumpy, busy, and as if they had been at it for years. They will never go back to skirts and tatting, one is sure. They give the city a sense of war determination and organization. These girls mean business.

“America” is the great word here now. The past three weeks have worked the same astonishing revolution here as in France — the great news of our fighting qualities and strength. Suddenly America, from being almost a disappointing myth, has become the dominant thing in the war. France is hysterically happy over us just now, but more thoughtful England is looking at us with deep questioning.

As we started for England we saw what gave us all a shock — a great batch of new German and Austrian prisoners. Pretty fit men, not very bright — just average, very human, well-

Adventures in Propaganda

equipped, well-fed, good fighters. The Enemy — strong, numerous, alive — that's what we saw close up. The war seemed to lengthen out as we looked at them. Beside them passed a train, a long, long train of British wounded. There were more faces of intelligence in the train than among the prisoners. The wounded looked on the Germans without animosity, except for two or three bitter stares, and the prisoners looked back with apathy.

It will take us at least two weeks more here. And suddenly it is very prideful to be an American in London to-day.

VI

London, August 11, 1918

FOUR weeks to-day since you waved me off to the war! It seems like four months, so crowded have the days been. Places, men, events, problems — they step on each other's toes, so that it's hard to keep the procession straightened out. A bigger week than all opens before us with the honor of America to maintain, and so far in our job no great achievements to maintain it on. So since last night we gave ourselves a holiday.

We went to Highgate, to Graham Wallas again, just for a chat. Wallas is one of the truly great men of our time, and how you would enjoy his rich mind and the young wit that bubbles inside his old gray head. And Mrs. Wallas, telling of French and Belgian refugees in the early months of the war in her house; the difficulties of being ministering angels, and especially British angels, to such fleeing ones as a French girl of eleven, with a "soul" and a

Adventures in Propaganda

critical tongue, and a Belgian poet who kept a cigarette in his face while he washed 'round it, and of Belgian girls housed together in an establishment with their parish priest, and who complained that there was so little for them to do that there was n't even anything left for confessional: "The father saw all their little sins before they could confess them, and as for the mortal sins, there was no opportunity," etc.

Then we took a 'bus for two hours all across North London, through Kentish Town and Paddington and Chiswick and past Kew Gardens and Richmond to Twickenham, where we walked by Pope's Villa, or what's left of it, and on to Hampton Court and spent the afternoon in the palace and gardens. Only the very greatest Italian palace gardens rival Hampton Court. Cardinal Wolsey started it and Henry the Eighth added to it for Anne Boleyn's sake, and Mary and William built more, until the place is magnificent. It is brick, old red brick and stone, and it has color! Lord, but the color of it!

How you would have enjoyed it, and how I

Adventures in Propaganda

would have if you had been along! Charles is no substitute for you, My Girl; he wants to buy "Guides" and "do" every stick and stone. You and I want to loaf through and read it up afterwards. It has such color! The sun does wonderful things to the brick and terra-cotta, and the fountains play in the stately courts and the great avenues of trees radiate away, and the posy beds! Along the east front of the palace there is a flower-bed a half-mile long and it's filled with all the old simple posies, phlox, and daisies, and roses. Great lawns stretch away, and in their borders I saw the funniest thing I've seen in warring Britain. Scattered about in that spacious wastefulness are flower-beds which have been planted for food. Green beds of potatoes, red beds of beets, all nicely bordered and tended. They don't look half bad, but think of Anne Boleyn gardening for food when Merrie England happened to be at war!

Had you been there, we would not have wasted much time on the miles of royal portraits and the allegorical tapestries, though some of

Adventures in Propaganda

the latter are stunning. You and I would have loafed through the arcades and stretched out on the grass where we could watch the sun gild the brick redder still, and joshed the green old marble fawns and argued over whether you could steal the posies. The Thames flows by the palace — not much of a river, but to-day it was as busy as Broadway at Forty-second Street, with boatings. Big river launches, long, slim four-oared shells, punts, houseboats, tiny row-boats, like half a bathtub, and every sort of Britisher and Britishess aboard — dowagers with parasols, and young officers in flannel trousers and khaki uniform blouses. Beside the river I found a hotel with a veranda commanding the palace where I ate alone, as Charles wanted to rush back and dine in town.

So it's been a real rest day. It began last night when we went off suddenly to see Barrie's new "Dear Brutus," which is the charmingest of fantasies and abolishes the war absolutely for two hours. We'd had a long and busy day of most important and successful conferences. America is fast becoming the greatest factor of

Adventures in Propaganda

power in the war, and the world — and especially Englishmen — are doing a deal of talking these days about the League of Nations, meaning thereby a union of Anglo-Saxon peoples chiefly.

This city might be a world away from the war — if there were not so many soldiers about and war hospitals and throngs of uniformed women and observation balloons and planes and searchlights. There's no danger here and the war still stays far from me, disappointingly hid away in the trenches. We are in no danger and shall be in none.

VII

London, August 16, 1918

WE have had the most splendiferous times this week. We are quite blasé from meeting bigwigs. The information we wanted we've gotten freely from the founts on the top of Parnassus. Much business here is transacted at dinners and luncheons. We're going to it like those to the manor born. State secrets between glasses of Graves, that's the method. But this manner of working makes a day of from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M. By the time you get this we shall be back in France. Then we shall go on.

Northcliffe gave a luncheon to-day to the overseas journalists visiting England. It was a unique affair under a marquee in ancient Printing House Square. If you'll consult the card herewith you'll see what notabilities were present besides those you sent. Three sheriffs and ex-sheriffs in marvellous robes were in the receiving line. Our names were yodled out by

Adventures in Propaganda

announcers in a way to make us straighten up very stiff and feel damn foolish. It was a heady affair. My Lord Northcliffe was very glad to see us and knew us by name, — eh, what! Marvellous! Just a simple war-time repast with five kinds of wine-glasses and sixteen eating-instruments (I counted 'em) beside each plate. Then, too, it was our first experience with the British toastmaster. The toastmaster here is a most miraculously fool institution. He stood behind Lord Northcliffe and in a clear tenor voice he would sing out:

“My Lord Sheriff and gentlemen, My Lord begs you to be seated.”

So we sat down. Later he yodled something like this:

“My Lord Sheriff and gentlemen, My Lord prays silence for My Lord's welcome to his guests.”

And after N.'s speech the marvel calls: :

“My Lord, My Lord Sheriff and gentlemen, the toast is to the King. Pray have your glasses changed.”

And after the toast the nuisance sang again:

Adventures in Propaganda

"My Lord Sheriff and gentlemen, My Lord says you may smoke."

The "Institushun," you see, was just a kind of his-master's-voice gramophone. He directed all our ways. I expected him to chant which forks to use at each course. By the way, some of us ignoramuses had begun smoking before the announcer's gracious permission, which was an awful *faux pas* as no one in England ever, ever smokes before the King's toast is toasted. Now I did n't know that. My education was neglected, and alas, all England now knows how ignorant I am.

To continue my snobbery vein, Balfour, Lord Cecil, and others were at lunch the other day, and Northcliffe and Reading are coming to dinner with us. All for the "Entente Cordiale." Walter dined in one corner of the Reform Club the other night with H. G. Wells, while Charles and I dined across the room with Seton-Watson and Borgesi. The latter is extremely interesting. Charles's little task is taking him into conferences with the highest personages in Bob Bruère's line of work over here. Meanwhile our

Adventures in Propaganda

work goes on with speed — ask our tired stenographers — and our main troubles are with communications. Not merely no letter from you yet, but no word from G.H.Q.

If you were here now you could have the most interesting study in the world — British women in the war. Astounding transformations are at work. Everywhere are sturdy women in uniforms, strong girls in breeches and leggings, always with the neat but somewhat foolish-looking English workman's "linen duster" coat; young girls in short skirts driving motorcycles, delivery carts, etc. And they act the same as the men, go where they please alone, go on strike when they please, alone. They smoke freely in restaurants, tea-rooms, theatres, and parks. Nobody stares at a respectable, hard-working girl puffing on benches in a square or at a middle-aged woman smoking in a theatre box. And they will never go back to the gilded cages or the cellar kitchens. Three hundred and fifty W.A.A.C.'s will shortly visit in the United States. You will envy them. And you could do so much studying them here—

Adventures in Propaganda

but don't you try coming through any submarine zones.

If it were n't for missing you and the eternal shadow of war I could count myself most happy. I'm meeting great ones, have a part in a great work, which is going splendidly, and am absolutely well. But for any kind of solid enjoyment what a mockery it all is.

But you will be wanting to "see" me at my daily doings. I'm up at eight. I jump into the slippers you made me take, God bless you, and patter off to the big room where I find a dozen naked officers splashing under the shower baths. My! how good the showers are, after Paris with its cold-water tubs and not a drop of hot water there except Saturday and Sunday. Here the showers are everything a shower should be. Shave and dress, reclaiming my boots and belt from the hall where they've been shined overnight, and then to breakfast in the cheery tile-floored dining-room where My Lady This and Countess That, in neat cheap blue uniforms serve a most scrumptious breakfast of cereal, coffee, buns, and an egg — all for

Adventures in Propaganda

one and six, which means thirty-six cents. Food is plentiful, though you must ask for more than one piece of the little chunks of brown bread if you want it, and to ask for three would be regarded with sorrow. There's no sugar for the porridge, but there's a pitcher of brown syrup instead which I've grown to prefer.

This being a Red Cross hotel all the help are gentlewomen and gentle — and damn-pretty — girls. It's "Lady Jones, you've been short-changed"; or, "Lady Gwendolyn, your table is not cleared yet"; or, "Your Grace, I think that officer wants you." As service, it's bum. As a novelty, it's fine. And on Saturday nights my young officers dance with the waitresses, who put ropes of pearls on over their blue gingham uniforms and diamond pins in their cheese-cloth head-dresses.

Among the English officers here are a surprising number of game-legged men, still in active service, mostly Royal Air Force. A young chap in a United States uniform handed me a package of extra buttons, saying, "I won't use 'em." He was just changing into English uniform. He

Adventures in Propaganda

was joining the flyers. I asked him why he did not join the American air service. He said, "They would n't take me. You see, I've got an artificial leg." That tells a story, let me add.

We have to fly 'round a good bit in taxis or in army or British official cars, but as much as I can I walk between confabs. We're in the very heart of London clubdom. St. James's Square is between Pall Mall and Piccadilly and between Regent Street and St. James's Palace. So that at least thirty famous clubs are all about, beginning with the Reform, the Carlton, the Thatched House, and on to the Military and Naval, the Seville, Arts, etc., etc. The Duke of Devonshire's town house looks down on the Square, and No. 10 opposite is the modest brick dwelling where Pitt, Derby, and Gladstone lived. Britain's famously ugly war monuments of Crimean and Napoleonic wars are scattered near by and in two steps I can reach the Mall with the Admiralty Arch at one end and Buckingham Palace at the other. I walk there in the evenings while the searchlights tear holes in the clouds overhead.

VIII

Officers' Inn, London,

August 18, 1918

THE park to-day was full of soldiers on leave, many sitting on the grass with their arms locked about girls. One automatically puts these rather free exhibitions alongside the common stories in the papers headed "Soldier's Wife Hearing Husband is Coming Home Commits Suicide." A good many W.A.A.C.'s and land-women have soldiers' heads in their laps. But for all that the record of the W.A.A.C.'s in France has recently been proved to be unbelievably "moral." One feels that these leggy, shoulderly land-women are using their new freedom to work and not to go on a war-loose. They are not called "landladies" in all the placards for nothing. They cross their legs so publicly and smoke where they please and have such a free look under their khaki felt hats; they are altogether such a revelation of strong animalism in womanhood, that I wondered whether a

Adventures in Propaganda

correspondingly untrammelled sex life was n't characteristic of their new existence. Apparently the contrary is the really true and surprising fact. They are still British girls. The loosening effects of war are secondary.

Three thousand bus and tram conductorettes pulled off a lightning strike last night and today for five shillings war bonus to bring their pay up to the men's scale. They will probably get it. The workers get about what they want. With the United States man power in the war Britain is nervous only about one thing — coal — and if the miners demand the Stockholm conference they will probably get it. How you and I would enjoy studying all this here together. The thing is only going to get bigger after the war and the really great study is coming then.

IX

August 21, 1918

MAJOR GRISCOM, my lieutenant's uncle over here, offered us his house for a dinner to the Britishers who have been so nice to us. Unfortunately we asked a varied group, causing much trouble to the hosts. Major Griscom and his nephew spent one whole day running 'round trying to find out the order of precedence for seating their guests. Here were the vital problems: 1. Does a duke who is only a naval commander rank a commoner who is a general? 2. Does a viscount who was a commoner rank a duke and the brother of an earl? God knows who settled these things, but this is how it ended up (see diagram opposite).

Looks simple, does n't it? There's a day's sweat in it! I tell you if they had not correctly seated me as number five at that table I'd never have come back to the house again!

Really it was a serious matter. I did n't know anything about the trouble and had a damn

Adventures in Propaganda

	Lord Reading, Ambassador	General Biddle, C.O. U.S.A., in Great Britain	
	I		
Captain Blankenhorn	5	2	Viscount Northcliffe
Lord Eustace Percy of the F.O.	9	6	Captain Lippmann
J. A. Guest of Crewe House	13	10	H. Wickham Steed
Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Campbell Stuart	12	14	Dr. Seton-Watson
Lieutenant Griscom	8	11	Colonel Granville Baker
Duke of Sutherland	4	7	Lieutenant Merz
	3		
	Major Griscom	General Cockerell, K. C. B.	

Adventures in Propaganda

good time. Reading is lean, keen, entirely a diplomat; Northcliffe, forceful and powerful; the Duke of Sutherland, a most handsome young chap, with no necessity for proving whether he has brains or not; General Cockrell, an old man, but the handsomest soldier I ever saw, complete gentleman, Christian officer, and boyishly human; Sir Campbell Stuart, a Scotch squirrel from Canada; Lord Eustace you know — he has a bad trick of knitting his brow so that he spoils his Thackerayan profile, but he is extremely interesting — a Tory of Tories in the most Tory of offices who nevertheless has an intellectual grasp of Liberalism, almost of Radicalism; Wickham Steed, the accomplished, unofficial diplomat; Watson, a doctrinaire.

What do you think was more talked of than the war by that group? The British Labor Party! High politics, fearfully secret stuff of the Foreign Office, was buzzed around, but the really interesting thing was the cool estimate of two things, both well known and yet unknown — or rather the attempt to estimate coolly two

Adventures in Propaganda

things — America in the war and what she was going to do; and the British Labor Party.

Merz just tells me that the first alarm for an air raid has been sounded. They've been sighted crossing the Channel and we'll have to wait an hour or so to see what happens. It's now eleven o'clock. This is the first of the kind we've met.

Really, the war is just as far away from us here as in Washington. There's only this difference; America has gone so hell-bent to war that it's quit thinking; over here they've been through that stage and *are* thinking. The best thinking in the world is English thinking just now. "Reconstruction" is no taboo word here. I hope America will run the fever course with speed corresponding to its violence and by winter will be thinking again. That will be the President's job.

How you would relish the strike of the women transport workers now suddenly threatening to become nation-wide. I'll enclose some clippings. Lord! I wish you were here to study it. It is wondrous!

Adventures in Propaganda

Well, that raid does n't seem to be materializing. I suppose there are lots of machines up, but I could n't hear the faintest buzz outside just now.

X

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

August 28, 1918

SATURDAY at British Headquarters after a quick crossing from England. Not so long and strenuous as the one over the other way, and the kindly British officers took us up to the front to see how they handled propaganda. It was a glorious day and that afternoon and evening we motored about one hundred and twenty-five miles. We went in search of war. How does war look as you approach it? It's very simple. It's very peaceful.

As we drove farther east the roads became more populous. We passed dumps, stores, camps, trenches of last defense. The lorries on the road became more frequent. We made a détour in one town to see where bombs and long-distance shells had smashed a number of houses. Farther on we passed Red Cross ambulances. There were wounded inside. Then we came on troops. Then more troops of all kinds

Adventures in Propaganda

—going forward. Guns were going up, too, and our car was crowded to the ditch. “By Jove,” said our guide, “there’s a bit of something on.”

We began to scan the horizon. “That tower over there is all that’s left of St. —,” Captain H. remarked finally. “That ridge there is in Boche land,” he added. It all looked inexpressibly peaceful.

“Smoke over there,” said I. “Is that a shell?” He thought it might be. We stopped and raked the horizon with glasses. We picked up a pale low moon of an object — a Boche observation balloon. Plenty of British sausages were visible to the naked eye. We drove on.

It was all just as peaceful as ever. Occasionally a smoke or two became plainly defined as a shell. I can’t remember when we definitely heard the first gun. But a consciousness of “Krump — krumping” a few miles away began to grow on us.

We turned off the crowded, pushing, jangling highroad and soon looked down on white Arras. Then a great lone, contented, peaceful gun a half-mile off said “Blamp” with a flash and a

Adventures in Propaganda

great flare of coppery smoke. It kept saying "Blamp" down there at intervals all afternoon. It felt neighborly to have it out there in the valley while peaceful airplanes sailed overhead and sausages soberly floated three miles off. Farther off a few batteries rumbled occasionally. In the pleasantest sunlight we peacefully studied the sky and earth and idly speculated on the thin white scratches which were Boche trenches. It was all peaceful.

So that was war. We were told that hot fighting was going on just over there — about ten kilometres off — and, yes, this spot where we stood had been shelled a bit recently — for no reason at all.

We started back to take a peep at Arras. "Pshaw! it may get stinky down there," remarked our guide irritably, for just then a "woolly bear" burst over white Arras a few kilos down the road. It was shrapnel and the black little smoke-cloud peacefully floated off. After a while another — "They're after the square, I suppose," said Captain H., but we piled into the car. In five minutes we entered

Adventures in Propaganda

the streets of that great shocked, ripped-up, utterly deserted city that is now white Arras. Not a soul lives in it — except an evanescent remnant. The houses are there, but they are uninhabitable. The city is white — white, torn, plaster walls show everywhere. Arras is white with terror, and with having been bled. At the town entrance a billboard in excellent English said: "Steel helmets must be worn beyond this point. By order of —." Our guide remarked that we'd be sure to meet somebody and there'd be a beastly row. Our driver would race through the streets, and we had to look sharp and speculated fleetingly whether one square or another that we passed were *the* square those woolly bears were feeling for, and rather awed we glanced at the splinteration everywhere and the occasional complete demolition of some building, and soon we were leaving Arras. We had just passed the gate when the sky quite near by said "Crack," clearly and interruptingly, and there, up a bit and over our shoulders, floated the black woolly bear of that methodical shrapnel gunner — about four hun-

Adventures in Propaganda

dred yards off. It had no relation to us. It was just as peaceful as the rest of the war. It meant nothing. It could n't help itself — just like the rest of the war.

Our souls were numbed by Arras — we were too struck by Arras to give more than a moment to that “crack” overhead. White Arras is an appalled city. It's *not* peaceful like the war.

As we messed some kilos away in a jolly French billet, where the cook had stuck an American flag in the posy centre-piece in our honor, chatting with our officer allies I kept vaguely thinking, “So this is the war,” and the only word to describe it was “peaceful.”

In the dark we began motoring home and just a few kilometres away from — searchlights sprang up from the hills and raked the sky. Then distant crashings began. “Pull up,” said our companion. “Raid on St. —, I'm afraid. It may get stinky down there.”

More searchlights shot from the hills and on our hill we stood and tried like the devil to figure out what were the meanings of the noises

Adventures in Propaganda

that cracked and rattled out of the night. "Crack, crash, blap, krump, crash," all in varying powers and keys and at varying distances. They were Archies and bombs we knew, but it was the devil's own job to tell which was which and what noises fitted what flashes. "There he is!" suddenly cried Captain H. In the crossing of four searchlight beams was the Boche raider, or one of them. The handsomest silver dragon-fly you ever beheld, ducking a bit as if dazzled and turning, but caught.

Just then, down in the valley about five miles off, a red roar, literally that—a red roar! A hideous roar and a burst of red that lit up ten or twelve miles of the valley and the cloud and smoke flashes overhead. A Boche raider had got a dump—a big one. Explosion on explosion, belch of noise on belch, tore up out of the valley.

Then the raider overhead twisted and came on toward us, still caught in the four beams, quite large, and quite rapidly getting right overhead. Every blamed Archie in the world,

Adventures in Propaganda

it seemed, concentrated on him. Some of our party shrank around the corner of the only protection in reach — a ruined house, for the hail of Archie bullets is no joke. When he was about three degrees from being squarely overhead, about six feet from the zenith, I suppose would be the technical term, he turned again, I'm relieved to relate, and swam away, pestered by the bright-red fireflies of scores of Archie shells. And almost half a mile off he slipped all the beams and got away.

The exploding dump kept roaring and reddening the valley, and down towards St. — and off to the right of us and farther off somewhere else bombs kept crashing away. It was most baffling to tell what the racket told. Far off some silent Archies took to shooting some beautiful, sinuous, green contraptions called "flaming onions" at some invisible raider. They were heavenly, tiny apparitions, and are hated by aviators, whom they burn to death.

So, that was war! That was n't the least bit peaceful. When we set off and scooted through St. — the dump was still going up. There

Adventures in Propaganda

was menace in the night. Miles and miles of parked lorries lined the roads — great beasts, holding their breaths, rather than resting. One tear along the roads with lights out. We came upon two wrecked autos and picked up a French officer, whom, because he had a bloody face, we gave a lift into — an hour farther on. About an hour after we left the place the raiders plumped three bombs into it.

I'm getting my forces mobilized, getting plans adopted, turning out memos and orders like a mill. Things are looking up. I had half a room in the big Headquarters assigned to me to-day and will get it all shortly. My windows claim a gorgeous view. The red-tile roofs pitch down below me into the valley and the wide green and yellow land slopes up beyond away to the blue horizon. The weather is gorgeous, the town rather quaint, and I must say I am profoundly content to quit the recent life of everlasting interviews to go into active service at G.H.Q.

I am billeted now in a funny little cave. Madame Margot is my landlady, shaving-water-

Adventures in Propaganda

fetcher, boot-polisher, and cleaner-up; she's far too old and unhandsome to deserve the name of Margot. My bed is most clean and comfortable, and the big window opens right at my head, and I have a washstand with ten pieces of crockery on it!

Now I must study the map for my route to the front to-morrow. Lots of funny things have happened, but after all war is peacefully businesslike, about like a newspaper office — but not much worse.

Don't worry when I talk about going toward the front. I'll not get near enough to business to need a gas-mask or a tin hat. It'll mean long auto rides in and out of little villages, and after two days I'll be back here at peace at G.H.Q.

There goes taps, taps at G.H.Q., but there are scores of officers hard at work here in the great central building, which is all black outside and all light within. In the next room an officer is 'phoning to the press General Pershing's statement on the occasion of the launching of the Fourth Liberty Loan. Do you think maybe we can afford another little bond? Re-

Adventures in Propaganda

member I don't need an earthly thing. I've lived sometimes shamefully well when Englishmen with whom I had business insisted on winning and dining over affairs. In France there is no appreciable shortage and the meals are extraordinarily well balanced, nourishing, and plentiful — also fairly high priced. There's no water at all; one *has* to drink Chablis or Barsac or Graves or Burgundy — the coffee is so poor. Is n't it sad?

Another thing. Here I'm as safe as in Washington, worse luck. The only thing I am in danger of losing is my symmetry. I have to use my right arm so steadily that I'm getting lopsided with all the saluting. There are so many generals around and so many privates who are just as particular. Punctilio is the place's name.

XI

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

August 28, 1918

THIS afternoon, August 28th, there strode in to G.H.Q. about 3.45 P.M. a certain officer from a certain front-line division in a certain well-known sector. He was in a hurry. He said: "I'm told you run propaganda. I want some propaganda — quick. We've got opposite us the 'umph' and 'umpty-umph' divisions and we've had some deserters from 'em and I want some more. I don't know much about propaganda. I believe in it, — I don't think it will win the war and all that, — but if anything's going to get those deserters over, it's propaganda, and I want those deserters for information. Also there's the 'umph' division which is going to pull out in the next few days I'm morally sure, and I want at least one deserter from that. They're mostly afraid to come over because they all believe that Americans kill all prisoners."

Adventures in Propaganda

Well, getting deserters over is a side issue on our job, but what did we do? We jumped at him. "How will you get it over?" "Patrols." "How long is your front?" "It's 'umpth' kilometres." "Show me on the map." He did. "Draw a diagram of this sector line." He scratched that out. He said he had translators and a mimeograph. We produced copy for a leaflet to fit the case — a concoction one third Walter's, one third mine, and one third Ifft's. But we had to get approval and the General was busy and the officer had to go. "Give me the copy and 'phone the authorization," he said. "Call 'Bingville 28' at 6.30 to-night."

I sent the copy in with a memo. Finally it came back with a big blue scrawl across it: "Excellent. 'Phone S—— to go ahead. Approved, ——." I 'phoned and to-morrow night the first American-made propaganda goes over the line.

Did you ever hear anything so amusing? The shop was n't open yet, but we sold propaganda over the counter like so much meat. I laughed until the plaster fell down on General Pershing's

Adventures in Propaganda

head in the room under my feet. At least it almost fell.

To-night I rammed ahead, arranging to print our leaflets by the thousands, writing a new leaflet to puncture the first Austrian division to turn up on the Western Front — arranging to buy balloons and to find out about gas dumps, etc., etc.; trying to build overnight a great machine. It's highly amusing, and we shall fight our way through the red tape yet, and do.

XII

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

September 4, 1918

I'VE put in another long day and cleared my desk this evening, as I go up toward the front to-morrow early to pick out the places for our actual field work. For an officer "not to be placed in command of troops," as my commission reads, I'll have quite a little squad of troops working for me. I suppose I can't claim to be their Field Marshal as they'll be technically under the General Staff Officer whom I'm under, but they'll be actually my men.

To-night Corporal Ralph Hayes, — he will be a lieutenant next week, — Walter Lippmann, and I, celebrated by dining at the Hôtel de France. It was mighty good to see R. H. It has been pouring these days, and I took a car down to meet the train, which as always was some hours late. Pushing through the soldier throng came the Corporal and Walter, both very good to look upon. Now we sit here in my room

Adventures in Propaganda

at G.H.Q., having swapped all the gossip of home.

Ralph is great fun, most punctilious to stand in our presence until ordered to be seated, and refusing absolutely to eat in the officers' "Y," which is why we carted him off to the hotel for dinner. Dinner was a great problem on the ship coming over with Mr. Baker. It was unprecedented to have a corporal accompany the Secretary of War and the meticulous Navy stewed over the complications. Ralph could n't dine with the officers, that was plain; neither could he eat with the men; that would be an insult to the Secretary. It was finally decreed that he could dine with Mr. Baker if he sat at the foot of the table! Fiat.

XIII

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

September 11, 1918

How does life go these days? At eight the little alarm clock you got me wakes me up and I find a pitcher of warmish water for shaving beside my new polished boots at the door, and by 8.30 I'm at breakfast, very plentiful and costing two francs at the "Y." By nine I'm in this room which is my kingdom. On one wall of it I've just put up an exhibition of what Germany, Britain, France, and the United States have done in the way of propaganda. Three of the four quarters of the wall are covered with exhibits. One — ours, of course — is quite blank. It's a big sunny room with a tiny stove and great four-foot thick walls. All the walls are crowded with maps, etc., at which I work. No desks — just half a dozen tables. Here I struggle with the long-distance 'phones and mobilize my forces. Griscom, Ifft, and Miltenberger are here. The first two I am sending to the field



WALL AT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, A.E.F., WITH EXHIBIT
OF BRITISH AND GERMAN PROPAGANDA

200

Adventures in Propaganda

soon. One o'clock is lunch; at two I'm back here and about six I knock off; at eight-thirty I'm back and "through" at eleven or twelve, or one A.M. Perhaps Hugh Gibson goes back to Washington, and if so will look you up. You could probably get word of his arrival there from Bullitt, of the State Department, to which he reports. We've been working very closely with Gibson of late, a young man of great sense with whom, you remember, I discussed some of our plans when we were in Washington.

XIV

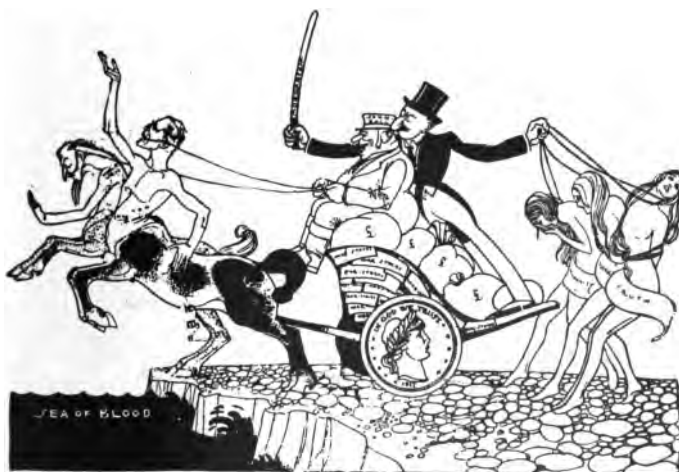
*Midnight at G.H.Q., on Friday,
the 13th, a day of great victory*

I AM as tired as I can be and I *wish* I were a field intelligence officer instead of a struggler with material things, like balloons and type, and translations. It's been hard to keep one's mind on the work here these days. Yesterday morning the tense expectancy broke. The word flew 'round, — "The offensive began at dawn." Then how we waited. Curiously like old newspaper days. The first bulletins of progress were from returning flyers whose word was 'phoned in here. Last night we knew we had done something; "10,000 prisoners — Thiaucourt — the only roads out of the pocket endangered for the foe." But it was noon to-day before we got word that in the night our two onrushing lines had joined. St. Mihiel had fallen — booty and prisoners were being counted — the offensive was widening. And to-night comes the startling



BROTHERLY FRIGHTFULNESS (BRITISH PROPAGANDA)
The Murder of Russian Freedom by German Socialists after the Brest-Litovsk Treaty.

IN THE LAND OF THE "FREE"



How Morganism has driven Wilson and America to the Betrayal of Humanity
KULTUR CARTOON
Sent by the Germans over and into the lines of the British Fifth Army in March, 1918.

Adventures in Propaganda

word that shells are falling in Metz — barely thirty hours after the start.

Long before you get this you'll know whether great things were done or whether the counter-attack stopped us. It has been too exciting — I am too tired with the struggle to mobilize my men, getting orders and supplies, trying to pursue our victorious army — to talk of it now with any accuracy.

Here on my desk are little things I've been wanting to send you for weeks. One is a bit grisly — the leaflet Bible some Boche wisher-after-revolution carried till the shell struck him. Another is a cartoon the British have sent over by the millions. They think it excellent balloon propaganda. The label, "By Balloon," is because they do not wish reprisals on their aviators if the planes carry propaganda. So they put this label on all their balloon propaganda that their captured airmen won't be falsely accused. (It's a curious side-light on Boche psychology that aviators may drop bombs which may fall on women and children and yet be treated by the Germans with all the

Adventures in Propaganda

honors of war, but if caught dropping words, they will be promptly shot.) Our aviators have been carrying our propaganda very busily these days — twenty thousand leaflets in the past three days.

XV

A town in France,

September 14, 1918

REMEMBER those candles you got me at the Commissary? I am writing by the light of one. I was wise enough to throw a couple into the flap of my clothes-roll this noon, but not wise enough to put in your lantern which I thought I could get along without. I'm lucky to find this billet lit for a radius of about six inches by this candle. My paper is backed by the map I've trekked by all day. The clock has struck ten but no taps sound here and the presence of a great staff is kept as quiet as can be — kept dark, too, for my window is heavily shuttered against even this beam of light. Two iron beds are in the room with mattresses, covers, and coverlets to a depth of three feet atop.

You would have laughed to see me walk in here. I found the front door shut and shuttered and carefully shoved back the wooden side door or cart gate which Madame had pointed

Adventures in Propaganda

out to me two hours before and was greeted by savage *éclat* from a dog. I decide he's chained somewhere in the darkness, — it's easier than to decide he's loose, — and I carefully feel around for the two stone steps and the little wooden door into the house. The must of the stone walls comes off on my hands, — I can feel it coming off, — finally to the increasing clamor of the dog I gain the iron latch and stumble in. I decide the door with the crack of light around it is the stair entrance and try hard to force it. "Qui est là?" demands a scared woman inside. It is Madame's bedroom, apparently. "Pardon, Madame, c'est l'officier Américain. Je cherche — qu'est que c'est le nom for stair? — Oh! l'escalier." More stumbling, and then with a bang I fall through the right door. Madame in undress appears with a *bougie* and lights me up. She assures me I shall find "l'eau potable" in my room, but with an inflection which makes me repeat my near-French question. Again she says "yes," but unreassuringly. So I speak further of drinking-water and she says, "Oui, c'est là, pour vous

Adventures in Propaganda

laver!" Just as I had feared! "Non, Madame, j'ai grand soif." Then, just as if she'd understood for the first time, she asks if I want a drink and if I want it now — "water to drink?" Which I emphatically do and finally acquire — the hardest thing to get in France.

There is a terrific crashing clatter on the cobbles below; I peek through the shutters, for I suspect what it is — yes — the black crusher is spitting blue flamelets in the night below me, a tractor, and behind it what might be a sizable log on wheels — but is n't. The cumbersome-looking gun is carefully swathed in canvas, which the thousand eyes of the night can't pick out as camouflage. By the way, it's getting moonlight — fine for raids, these nights. I have n't seen a raid since that night on the British front.

Now there is tramping below and a halt and women's and children's voices cry shrill directions to the inquirer. "À gauche!" — "Non, non, petite, à droite!" — "Le premier à droite, alors à gauche!" — and American voices are heard translating the words and the trampers

Adventures in Propaganda

are off to gay "Bonsoirs." For the townspeople are in high spirits. I leaned over their shoulders to-day as we read the *communiqué* together, — "Ah, les Américains," they point and cry; "Treize mille prisonniers — des grands canons — ah!" And seeing me looking very grim and warlike, they laugh gladly and their words are like an embrace — "Bonnes nouvelles."

Have just relit the candle after leaning out over the black street for a good ten or twelve minutes watching a noise. It was a long, heavy, multitudinous grating on stones — an unproducing sound; it was not marching, — it sounded more like horses, — but it was too guttural for cavalry. The candle had blinded me, but at last I could make them out, — interminable windrows of shadows scraping by, with, yes, every little while a horse or two. Think of a river made of pebbles, flowing over a stone bed, and yet flowing in waves; that is the sound of a mile of infantry toiling through a French town at night. Their heavy nailed shoes make the queerest thousand-footed scraping trample. It works along without voice — the undulatory

Adventures in Propaganda

iron-scaled snake on the narrow stone street. There are no faces — just shadow rows, voiceless as herds. “Who the hell says the Americans are n’t here — hey, Yanks?” laughs a shadow under my window, but not a word answers the clashing, laboring column. They are going “up.”

Along all these roads they are pushing up. Mostly by night, of course, but in many places by day. This afternoon I was in a region of smashed hamlets, peopled with Americans, — sprawled tired in the streets, — sticking out of camouflaged doors of roofless stone houses, — the streets jammed with their vehicles’ gear. They do not know who were in that town a few hours before; they cannot tell even the number of the units before them; they stop to “chow” or sleep and “go up” leaving the town deserted — and in an hour the town is again populous — and quickly deserted again. Each of these villages is filled with inhabitants who prospect around, seek out what poor comfort the wreckage affords, and then push on as if they had found the place accursed. Hotels are these hamlets — whose guests shove ’round the furniture

Adventures in Propaganda

of stones and boards and tiles and straw and leave all to be shoved 'round and used by hordes of new guests. Splintered trees, smashed churches, homes in débris, — they have been crashed and re-smashed for four years, — and now in a day the Menace has been hurled out and these wrecks are free, *free!* They don't look as if they knew it or appreciated it. Yet now their owners will come back as soon as these freeing, invading guests have pushed through and will reclaim the stones which the German guns can never reach again.

I stood to-day on a ridge, a low ridge edge, — where two days ago it would have been certain death to have stood up straight in the open as I stood. Before me was the riot of wire; behind me trenches and mailed dugouts — earth over their mail — and gun emplacements with the tattered junk called camouflage still over the emplacements. The guns were gone — the shells were even then “going up.” Beside me was a small muddy pothole — blown there. The shard I enclose in this letter was picked out of the mud in it — overlooking the fields where

Adventures in Propaganda

Americans fought their first battle on this front six months ago and where they started sixty hours before to-day for their first "American push." Over the rivulet with a famous name was the pleasant lone hill whence the German eye devastated the district by commanding it — so few hours before. And now the American observation balloons sailed high ahead — a dozen soared overhead. Not a shot was to be heard.

The thicker the camouflage, the thicker the shells once flew. Farther back the high wicker partitions on the foeward side of our road had been flimsy. Here they were tightly woven, with canvas reinforcement and clever wing protection, beyond the necessary breaks, and even so — signs stood by the roads — "Danger — l'ennemie vous voit." Military initials and arrows were painted or chalked up on bits of unshattered wall — everywhere were the signs of hell, but none were to be *heard*. Now and then far off would go a rumble and a crump! And in two places smoke on the ridges ahead showed where villages burned. Overhead

Adventures in Propaganda

hummed the blackbirds that make villages burn. Once we could see shrapnel burst in dirty wool puffs around some invisible airplane — 'way, 'way ahead. But the farthest thing to be seen was the pale eye of a German observation balloon — like an onion hanging over the horizon woods.

One thing has stuck in my mind. In Beaumont is a shot-to-hell church tower, one corner intact, and in that corner, set to show two faces as are many village clocks in these parts, was the clock. The time it showed was correct by my wrist watch. Who in that shattered place — up in that very bull's-eye of Boche gunners — took the trouble to repair and wind and keep repaired and wound that clock? Some rooted old inhabitant? Some bored, restless American soldier-transient?

XVI

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

September 21, 1918

IT WILL do no harm to tell you where I was the other day except naming the starting and finishing points. Through Rupt, west of St. Mihiel, we went through Fresnes, and from this point on as far as Vigneulles the world is mostly wire. At the river we turned north through La Paroches and Barmoncourt to Woimby, then across to Fort de Troyon, south to La Croix-sur-Meuse, east to Seuzey, up to Dommartin la Montagne, with the line some three or four miles off, then to Deuxmonds on the back track, Spada, St. Mihiel, and Sampigny. The "line" is a vague term in such sections. The line means a belt three or four miles wide through which patrols of both sides sneak or career hunting information, prisoners, posts of vantage, etc.

It was afternoon when we headed through the remains of Fresnes for St. Mihiel. Wire,

Adventures in Propaganda

wire, wire, trenches, wire, but a clear road ahead, until suddenly French soldiers headed us north, through the village of La Paroches, over the trenches, around repaired shell-holes, along the railroad to Verdun, already being repaired by Yank engineers.

Still wire and wire, and we headed for Dom-pierre-aux-Bois *via* Seuzey. Greater shell-holes full of water appeared, interminable wire. The whole world here for a good fifteen miles across, up hill and down dale, is of wire, belt after belt, until you cannot tell what is Allied, what is Boche, and where is No Man's Land. The smashed villages are all wired up and the wire is in all the woods as thick as underbrush. I kept looking for a change in the wire to indicate the late dividing line of control, but I found another sign that was surer.

Just west of Seuzey, down in the bemired belt of wire, was a grave, a short round mound with gay red, white, and blue cockades on it. A few hundred feet farther on in the next belt of wire was a grave with a birchwood marker like a cross, with a coping over it, and the label



WALL AT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, A.E.F., WITH EXHIBIT
OF FRENCH PROPAGANDA AND THE BEGINNINGS OF
AN AMERICAN EXHIBIT

20

Adventures in Propaganda

in the centre was German. The narrow stretch between had been No Man's Land. The wire, too, changed in character — it was worse-looking wire, more strongly and viciously built, more rusted and more machine made, the result of quantity production, though there was not so much of it everywhere as on the French side. It had more scientific-looking barbs and had stronger L-shaped iron supports, and the iron vertical pegs had spiral handles.

In Seuzey, under the blue French signboard of iron, smashed in half by a shell, was a board lettered, "Feindl, Bericht," etc., "Enemy Gas Area." We were where the Boche had just left.

The road led straight on. Where the wire, friendly and enemy, edges the way the chevaux-des-frises lay mean and handy as if ready to be rolled into place rather than just heaved out of the way by the Yanks. The dugouts seemed the same, except better built with a greater determination after comfort. The camouflage began to be different. Factory-made instead of hand-wattled as was universal on the French side.

Adventures in Propaganda

The chief difference was in the signboards. They were everywhere — twelve or twenty to a crossroads, all kinds of directions and instructions, printed out, written, or military sign manual. Braggadocio labels were among them — “Kronprinz Stern,” and other “Prinz,” castles, etc. — sometimes a humorous one. A completely wrecked house was carefully labelled with a painted board, “Soldaten Heim” (“Soldiers’ Home”), and one of its smashed entrances was marked, “Bath Establishment,” in name recalling the Kursaal of Bad Homburg.

We saw German trucks and green-gray wagons with the double eagle stencilled on, now doing valiant service for the Amexes. Beside the road was an American truck burned to iron by a shell. Near by were scores of Boche shells in their neat wicker casings. Trenches lined with masonry and hutments surrounded with rustic benches, piped “trinkwasser,” high-power electric cables, and even sentry-boxes, with the identic slanting black-and-white zebra markings that you see in front of the Pots-

Adventures in Propaganda

dam palaces on sentry-boxes, were in those woods.

All the ground was far worse torn up than on the French side. I never saw before so many giant holes and such an acreage of "ploughed" ground. Some of the neatly numbered Boche war gardens were torn to smithereens. The villages were completely smashed and utterly deserted.

On the way out, in the dark we halted in a village utterly demolished, but already neatly cleaned so far as the streets were concerned — but dead, all dead. There was one living thing which made the whole place simply seem deader — a cat which raced out of nowhere and hid under the auto.

There were a good many German graves in the woods, respected little mounds, each with its edging of stone and its birchwood cross with the eaves on it. In one French cemetery were some Boche graves shortly to be moved therefrom. In a ditch our driver spied a dead man.

Now these woods are crammed with Yanks.

Adventures in Propaganda

Their few neat signs are tacked up over the Boche. Fewer signs, greater intelligence!

In an utterly vacant village — just one mass of smashed dwellings converted into machine-gun nests, all looped round with wire and belted with masonry trenches, no signs, no footprints, but the road cleared by fast United States engineers — we picked up Boche machine-gun belts fully loaded lying in the grass. The marvel is how any army could ever break through such a mass of fortifications. It is a greater marvel that our doughboys did it in one day!

They tell some great stories of the doings there. One German major was found with his kit all packed up, his arms folded, waiting to go to prison camp. He was furious with his high command whom he had told the attack was coming, but who did n't believe him. So, in high dudgeon and righteous indignation, he made no effort to escape. Achilles in his tent was no nobler picture!

I keep telling the funniest story of all. On the British front they advanced so fast not long ago that they caught a train and sent the en-

Adventures in Propaganda

gineer trailing back a prisoner. The engineer was explosive with indignation and flourished a paper which nobody would read. Busy fighters just waved Fritz rearward and he waved his paper as he went. Finally, late in the day somebody looked at his paper. It was a guarantee from the Imperial German Government that he would not be sent for service into the war zone. According to his interpretation he therefore could not be taken prisoner! Therefore he demanded to be sent back to Germany at once!

It is astounding how Russia does not exist here. Nobody gives a damn about Russia in France. The German at our gates bulks too big for anybody to think at all about Russia. The more you see of the German, of his army, his fighting power, the more you see how near he came to wiping France off the map the same as Serbia — the more you see that licking the German is not the entirely secondary matter that some good souls deem it to be. Ask these good souls what they would do if they found themselves in a roomful of persons whom they

Adventures in Propaganda

knew pretty well and suddenly one half the room begins to fight them with every resource. Would they expect their half of the room to sit back and talk about the devastating effects of combat on some new-born infant next door? They do know the Boche pretty well over here. I'm not saying we know the whole truth about the Boche or that you are n't as near his civilian population as we are, but we can't *get away from his very efficient and aggressive army all over the place.*

XVII

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

September 24, 1918

SUCH funny days I have. There were never such complicated ones. One hour I struggle with *ideas* — trying to make acute judgments on the Boche psychology in relation to world politics; the next I struggle with *things* — print paper, maps, transport, gas, manufacture, scientific tests; again I turn to what is neither — papers relating chiefly to how to get at the gas, tests, transport, etc. That is the most baffling of all. And another day I may do nothing but ride. Yesterday I motored two hundred miles. But I called the whole ride a bally bore and am getting fed up on these miles of beautiful country that I now know so well.

I departed cussing, and then laughed at myself. There I was in a high-power luxurious Cadillac, mine own equipage, with the General Staff mark fore and aft, with the best driver in G. 2. D. awaiting my orders, and all the north-

Adventures in Propaganda

east roads of France open ahead. It was a magnificent car, seven-seater, limousine, with fine leather fittings, blue drawn curtains all around, set-in electric lights, on one side a rack for a mirror, smelling salts, and vanity-box (only the vanity-box missing), the mirror framed in fawn leather, and on the other side a rack for cigarette ashes and matches. Hell! there was even a cushion for my muddy boots! War! My aunt! Only the paint on the outside was warlike!

It was just like the remark of the unknown officer opposite me at the dinner table to-night at the "Y." He was a silent guy who, after our warrior's hard repast of soup (most delicious), white bread, perfectly cooked meat with carrots and chestnuts, milky mashed potatoes, salad and cheese, and sugary *confitures* with cookies and coffee, exploded sourly, "It's a hard life." I asked how long since he'd been put on Staff, and he said nine weeks and two days. I knew he was savagely comparing his fare with his field mess and longing for the latter.

Yesterday I bowled along so lordly that I got into a wild temper in the city of Toul where

Adventures in Propaganda

I stopped for lunch, telling the driver to be back at 12.45. It was then 12 o'clock. At the "Comédie" there was a waiting line of United States officers, twenty-five long, hoping for a place in the large dining-room, also filled with Americans. At the Metz across the street I got the last seat and waited until 12.30 without one flicker of attention from the one girl and one man for the whole dining-room. Quitting in rage I sought the "Bronoquet," where a painted lady gladly told me the place was *complet*. The "Centrale" was full of soldiers, but I'd have taken a seat if there'd been one. I tackled some "lower-class" places labelled "restaurant," but there were no dining-rooms in them. "Restaurant" often means just beer and bread. Back at the "Comédie" the waiting line was still longer. One place of very low degree was full. I could see through the window — food was there — only there was no door. I still wonder how the devil folks got into that place — I nearly tried the window. Again I invaded the "Centrale" where the proprietor fiercely greeted me. "Finie! Finie!!!" French

Adventures in Propaganda

for it's one o'clock, and therefore illegal to serve new diners. I told him firmly as I planked myself down, "Vous avez quelques choses à manger et j'ai faim, voilà tout." He immediately smiled, and as he weakened I ordered "du vin," which always melts recalcitrant French hearts, and, moreover, exhibited bread tickets which enable French hôteliers to get bread from the baker. Amid the soldiers I got a meal — and very decent, too.

War's brutalizing me fearfully in France. With my busted French I unblushingly call Madame the hostess, and say: "The first word you addressed to me when I sat down was 'bread tickets.' I gave them. Now I don't want in return that piece which the cat has licked. Fetch the good bread and plenty of it."

Now, having blasted the slackers who mar the landscape, I admit I feel better — or ashamed of myself. It seems churlish to swear in a land where the streets are black if there are many women in them. Such starved women, too. Everywhere the fire and life and joy of womanhood here are hung round with a pall of

Adventures in Propaganda

sooty mourning. The girls are moving clouds of death. Eyes that sparkle — and in a mirror catch themselves sparkling — also see themselves framed in a color that denies eyes the right to sparkle. Their young vigor is condemned.

The open road in France is one thing by day and another by night. By day the roads are pretty vacant and my car roared along unhampered. But by night there begins a tremendous flow of iron along the arteries of this front. Guns and shell trucks, tractors, horses dragging metal things, and the men bearing iron arms fill the roads and “proceed up.” By day the road is clear again, the only evidence of its night travail being wheels, broken gear, and every little while entire smashed trucks shoved into the ditch — casualties of the night. The iron armies are gone, — hid in the woods, — the next night to sally forth and “proceed” again.

If you are abroad at night and slowly work your way by one of these truck trains you make out the tired, laborious figures afoot, ahorse,

Adventures in Propaganda

atruck, lurching with discomfort and drooping with sleep, and amongst them always a big proportion of alert, amused, able *Americans*, quietly whistling, or smoking, — joking at trouble, — and cheerful about the “top” whose going over they are approaching. You work by miles after miles of men whose silhouetted jaws all point one way under their foolish flat helmets. The thrill of *war* is vibrant for miles — “Suwanee River,” “Baby’s Prayer at Dawn,” “Mist over theah like on the old Bayou” (Southern accent), “Well, you’d think this train was bound for the next war” (Yankee twang), “These damn narrow roads ain’t no mark to the pikes in Santa Clara County, Cal.” (Western voice, rather loud) — such are the human punctuations in the basically iron rumble of the column.

It’s a mighty human war. Wild optimism — “D’ je hear? We’re going to take Metz in the next ten days”; serious gossip — “The regimental sergeant major told the Top that they know now from a Boche prisoner that there are thirteen lines of defense with over eleven hun-

• **Gebe diese Karte auf, schreibe die**
 Adresse deiner Familie darauf, und wenn du
 von den Amerikanern gefangen genommen
 wirst, gebe sie dem ersten Offizier, der Deine
 Personallisten einnimmt. Er wird es sich zur
 Pflicht machen, sie abzusenden und so Deine
 Angehörigen über Deine Lage zu beruhigen.
 Schreibe nichts auf diese Seite.
 Streiche durch, was unzutreffend ist.

Ich bin gefangen { Leicht verwundet.
 { Schwer verwundet.
 { Unverfehrt.

Seid ohne Sorge um mich. Mir ist
 der Krieg aus. Ich habe gutes Essen. Die
 amerikanischen Armeegibt ihren Gefangenen
 dieselbe Nahrung, wie ihren Soldaten:
 Rindfleisch, Geflügel, Kartoffeln, Bohnen,
 Pfannen, Bohnenkaffee, Milch, Butter,
 Tabak, u. s. w.

THE HUNGER DRIVE

American menus used offensively over the enemy lines and to be sent home by Boche prisoners.

Geheim
Adressat: (Name)
 (Bitte die Adresse genau nach der vom Empfänger
 angegeben ist, ansetzen.)
Geheim
Geheim
 (Zusammenhang, Name, u. s. w.)
 Regt. Nr. _____
 Detachement _____
 Abteilung _____
 Kompanie _____
 Batterie _____
 Geschütz _____

Feldpostkarte
 für deutsche Soldaten, die
 von der amerikanischen Armee
 gefangen genommen werden.
 An _____
 in _____
 (Straße und Hausnummer)
 (Stempel)

24

Adventures in Propaganda

dred concrete machine-gun nests in the Hindenburg line on our front"; simple wonder — "It's plain the Germans can't do anything against us — look at St. Mihiel"; wisdom — "You poor fish, the Boche pulled out. Everybody knows that." So it goes. There is so much *waiting* in war that an army talks more than two whole nations in a generation of peace-time.

The job goes so-so. Poorly just now, but due to material difficulties and those we can and shall overcome. It's a terrible job to start a big enterprise like this in an atmosphere of offensives. I enclose my latest effort — a bill of fare. Is it a puzzle? It's for air work. The solution is, What can you make a good Boche soldier, under orders to destroy all luftblätter, keep and carry around? Good or rotten, the idea's mine. Also my International Bulletin in two languages is progressing.

XVIII

Somewhere in France,

September 29, 1918

THIS is headquarters of an army during a great drive and it has all the air of any office, the usual offices in usual times. Even business does n't seem to be especially rushing; when business in steel is rushing, the offices do not go frantic—it's out in the shop one hears clangor. When business in iron and blood is brisk, the offices do not explode—it's out in the woods and on the ridges and in front of "wire" that men rush and sweat and chill to death and swear and cringe and yell their triumph. Out in this business's "industrial districts," some miles from here, the fireflies and the war-workers struggle for poor comfort in their literally earthen hovels, but in these offices we sit like business magnates, interested mainly in "results," "output," "expenses," "gains."

In the next rooms are the true office force,

Adventures in Propaganda

with maps and 'phones. We are interlopers, occupying the desks and chairs of Major Willard Straight's room. We have been reading the President's splendid speech,¹ and having fully discussed and approved it, one is typing a report, another is absorbing the papers and a stray copy of the *New Republic*, and, I am chatting with you.

Yesterday we inducted *Lieutenant* Ralph Hayes into his estate. We saw him oathed, bought his ornaments, and as we motored north, pinned his insignia on him and bedevilled him into office. He lacks only the brown braid on his blouse sleeve and the Sam Browne belt. Both sins are covered by his raincoat, which he overworks now to maintain an appearance of living up to regulations. People who were bothered by our association on terms of equality with a corporal are equally bothered by said corporal's sudden elevation to the state of officer and gentleman.

For the past three days we have been associating with German prisoners, studying Boche

¹ See Appendix.

Adventures in Propaganda

psychology at first-hand. We have examined scores, officers and privates, Prussian, Saxon, Hanoverian, Hungarian, and Roumanian, oldish and very young. What is the Boche like?

I have three major impressions: First, the great herd, the dirty common cattle, simple, stinking, helpless, dangerous. They want to eat and be warm. They are speechless. They are all glad to be prisoners.

Second, the ordinary run of officers — intelligent, trimmed, and controlled in mind and body, stubborn, able, but unattractive, who can be voluble. They are utterly unoriginal.

Third, certain youths. A few days ago they were trying to kill Americans, and if I met them I should dutifully try to stick a bayonet in them, if able to. They are the enemy. They have delicate faces, clear skin and eyes. I used to see many of the like of them before me in schoolrooms.

Take Herr Junkherr H. von B., aged twenty, of the Prussian Guards. "Papa," to whom he constantly refers, was Military Attaché at Washington once. The boy speaks perfect Eng-

Adventures in Propaganda

lish. He is slim, almost feminine in his manner, handsome. When brought before me he addresses me at once to prefer a request; "May I ask that my rank and name be not ignored? The French officer who interrogated me did not acknowledge the salute and left the room without speaking. In the German army officers always speak on leaving the room." All this most gently, like a child who was bewildered and must know at once whether he was to receive the treatment that he expected. A true stripling of his class, who stated his "social position" as if it were the same sort of fact as his name, place of residence, etc. He mentioned these things first because they seemed to him to be in peril, just as the herd asked first for food and blankets.

I cut short his protests with a request to sit, an apology for the box that stood for a chair, and offered a cigarette. His questions were thus answered and then forgotten. We talked about the war and about America, which he had planned to visit, "but he was afraid now he never could see," and he asked if I knew

Adventures in Propaganda

Anne Morgan and Anita Stewart and Mrs. Vanderbilt, whom "Papa had talked of so much"!

The morning before he was directing a machine gun until the soldiers at his side were shot, one in the chest, and one killed outright. Then he heard the firing of the Americans behind him as well as in front — on all sides. "I talked with the 'unteroffizier' who had been at the front since 1914. I told him that when it was useless I would not waste blood, either German or American. — I wish so much to send word *zu hause* that I am not dead. You see a few hours earlier I had sent back word that we would hold the position at all costs — that was the last word so they will think I am killed."

Another, just nineteen, wore a cumbersome iron helmet two sizes too large, like a cavern around his girl's features. I would not have had the heart to be stern with him even in the schoolroom. In war — kill him? Good Lord!

With others it was n't so. The officers were such capable dunderheads. They talked their newspaper nonsense so seriously and held such

Adventures in Propaganda

fervent shallow beliefs that one thought of them in command of the thousands of animals in the next cage and understood how very dangerous the combination could be.

One of them, a Hamburg shipowner's son, who solemnly lumped Roumania and America together as about on equal terms, said equally solemnly: "One of our ships, the 'Hohefelde,' is now the 'Long Beach.' She is carrying American troops. That is a good thing. My father says it is very bad for a ship to lie idle in the water. It is much better for the ship to have it doing something." You have to use a hammer made in a shell works to get sense into a noodle like that. I talked with him very reasonably for some time, but it was with profound satisfaction that I finally turned on him and said very warlike: "We will smash your line all right. Of course, every one knows that now. And then we will smash you out of France and then over the Rhine, and the longer you stand up for smashing the worse your country will be off." I left him with his jaw polishing his shoes.

The animals — those shapeless, grinning pri-

Adventures in Propaganda

vate soldiers — were amusing. They took a lot of the seriousness out of the war. They are so damn glad to be caught, so content to be alive and in the hands of Americans, so sure “the war has lasted too long, much too long,” and so hilarious over the fact that for them the war is *aus*, that it was cheering to see them — especially so many of them!

Every officer asks: “Why is America in the war?” Some, a good many, really are puzzled, they want to learn. Others are curious to see if you will repeat idealisms as sober war explanations. When you do — they smile sarcastically. But their smile fades if you take the trouble to insist, and if you ask them what it will mean to Germany if what you say is really correct. When you tell them that they are prisoners, that thousands more are prisoners, that Americans are savage killers *because they want nothing out of the war*, some of these sarcastic Prussian Guard officers almost quail. It is very curious.

XIX¹

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

October 1, 1918

THESE last six days I have put in talking to the enemy, questioning him. Like all the rest of it over here, it's already something stale for me. Or, would be if I regarded it solely from the standpoint of experience.

In the great wire cages south of —, a long way south, we mixed with the "catch." Picture a muddy hillside, some acres contained in barbed wire patrolled by a few Yanks with long bayonets, and with cattlelike inhabitants, dun-gray, shapeless animals, standing around or lying around most of the time, muddy lumps in the muddy prospect. They look so much alike and so drab. If the sun comes out the more energetic peel off some of their wrappings and wash a bit or rub themselves. They all cling closely to their poor possessions, a blanket, a

¹ This letter is reprinted from the *New Republic* of December 14, 1918.

Adventures in Propaganda

mess kit, an extra cap or coat. You can have no idea what "kannonenfutter" means until you've seen a mass of several thousand German privates. The German army system takes all — yokels and fine boys, fathers and free journeymen — and mashes them into mass formation, abolishes their souls.

Suppose you question these miserable men, with nothing left but their dirty wrappings, sleeping on the ground in the rain. Ask them about their treatment. *Every* one will instantly respond that his treatment is fine, that he is content, that he is glad to be in that cage. *He is free* in that cage. Free from the war and the German machine!

It is hard, indeed, to imagine these men as they were a few hours ago, "good soldiers" trying to kill Americans. I passed a group which was waiting blindly for the return of some American officer who had told them to stand there, perhaps an hour before. They looked so wretched, without a spark of life. "Achtung!" one of them cried to the right of me; one at the left also called sharply, "Achtung!" (Atten-

Adventures in Propaganda

tion!) The nine or ten sparkless forms hurled themselves upright, hands to trouser seams rigidly, ramrods from ears to heels. Because I stopped and looked at them, because I was an officer, "Achtung" sprang warningly from lips and "Achtung" smote their weary limbs into line. I wanted to laugh or swear at the poor fools. Instead I walked hastily away.

But they're nowhere near so good soldiers as they were three months ago and far below what they were a year ago. German morale is crumbling — it's not wrecked yet, but it's going. "The war is too long, much too long." That's what the prisoner says, that's what all the German soldiers are feeling strongly.

One or two astonishing stories we have obtained. One young officer is anxious to go back into Germany to tell his people, "hochgeboren" diplomatic folk, what the Americans are like, and what they really are fighting for. But the most amazing is the story of Gefreite F. W., with the ribbon of the first and second class Iron Cross, a "Sozial Demokrat geboren." This stark, creased, desperate-looking soldier, to all

Adventures in Propaganda

outward appearance nothing but a "good soldier" told us his story in bitten-off sentences and in a postcard. In August, 1914, he had been mobilized. In four years of war he had had sixteen days of leave. He spent those four years *in front of the first-line trenches*, gunner of a fifteen-millimetre piece. His job was to lie out in a shell-hole with his gun, ahead of his own infantry. He was put there because he was a Social Democrat. That was his explanation. Not even when his wife died did he get leave to go to the funeral. He was forty-two years old, a butcher once, employing men, with a good business, and a house which he owned, and he had a postcard picture of it if we wanted to see it. The business had been sold for war taxes. The baby died three months after the mother. His own mother was paralyzed, seventy-nine years old. He must have killed hundreds of men. At Cambrai, where he was out in front of his own infantry, the British sent eighteen waves against him and none broke through.

"Did he know Americans were before him in this last fight?"

Adventures in Propaganda

Yes, he had heard so. And in the fog on that morning two days before, he saw the Americans, some passing to left, others walking to right, and he said then and there, "I will shoot no American." He swore he fired not a shot. When some American soldiers called out in German to him, he rose up from his lone shell-hole fort and surrendered.

"But if there had been Negroes before me I'd have shot to the last shell," he added. It was this postscript that convinced me he was telling the truth.

We asked him who caused the war. "Die Weltspitzbüben," he said; "the rascals, the Prussian landlords." — "Scheidemann?" — "He spoke pretty well." — "Haase? Ledebour?" — "Ach, they told the truth." — "Liebknecht?" — "He talked too much." On one of his rare leaves in a café in Stettin a captain of the Vaterlandspartei had said that the war must go on. W. had said to him, "You fool, if you had lain out there in that devilish Schweinerei for four years in the mud, you'd have reason to know better — you office slacker."

Adventures in Propaganda

W. said that the captain said he'd shoot the soldier, and the soldier says he answered, "You —, you reach back, and I'll slit your — throat." His echt Deutsch cuss-words were venomous. I questioned him closely, but he stuck to it. "Do many common soldiers speak like that to officers?" "Many think it, the greatest part think it, and more dare to say it now than ever did before."

Finally we looked at the postcard of his house shown by this haggard, wolfish soldier with the broken teeth, the scars, the cropped, mangy-looking head, the ploughed forehead, and the almost glazed, glassy eyes. We got a shock. In front of the common dwelling with its fenced-in yard stood a man, a round, prosperous person, obviously in the pose of owner, almost a self-important person, with a high choker collar, a noticeable tie, and large waistcoat, with jowls and a well-tended mustache, with his blond hair slicked down on either side of a neat "part" — ridiculously the type of the fattened bourgeois. He was so prosperous, with his arm akimbo and his newspaper crumpled in hand.

Adventures in Propaganda

He explained that that was he — that was Herr W. in peace.

We simply did not believe him. He explained that he'd lost forty-eight pounds in four years of war. I looked sharply at the card and the face and could make out the nose and brows the same — not a thing else.

That man, body and life, was as smashed as these French villages by the war. He had stayed out in the trenches, outside even of the trenches, hating the "Spitzbüben" who put him there. Ralph remarked, "He has only his anger left." I rejoined, "But he can't do anything even with his anger." For, as with all Germans, despite the hatred that could make him swear, there seemed in him no spark of revolution, no hint of organizing resistance. He had killed hundreds of men at the behest of "Spitzbüben" whom he railed at and who smashed him and his, but it never seemed to occur to him that he could do anything whatever about it.

XX

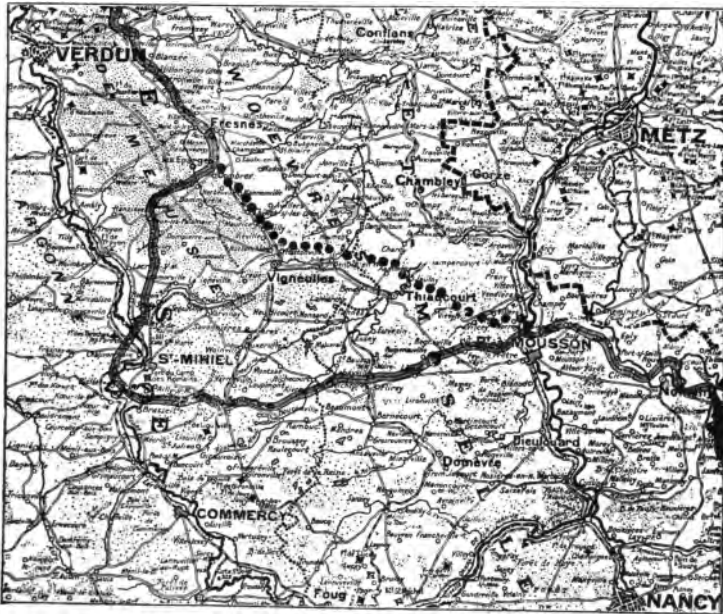
General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

October 4, 1918

WE'RE all in the grip of things, big things. My mind often turns to Mills and Crawford and Barrett — three *Evening Sun* men killed here. I am ridiculously safe way back here and my work will never put me in danger; I do not like that. I wish I were a fighter up front; the thing — is it dishonorable to confess it? — the only thing that makes me feel some content here is that I can so get back to you. That's not very noble, I'm afraid. I could be a damn good fighter, and then I would have an entirely different view of things — that my life was not mine and so I could not think of my life in relation to anybody, even you. Now it is only secondarily I say, "Of course, some fool chance shell or bomb may not let me see My Girl again" but the chance is so remote that I can write of it to you.

At this desk, damn it, and in the car, north

Der Bogen, wo sich die Deutschen
4 Jahre lang behauptet hatten, wurde in 27 Stunden
von den Amerikanern eingenommen.



——— Front am 12. September früh.
●●●●●● Front am 13. September früh.

390 Quadratkilometer wurden erobert.
Die Zahl der Gefangenen beträgt 15.000.

THE MEANING OF ST.-MIHIEL

Every soldier wants a map. American Propaganda provided one which carried its own lesson.
Dropped over the German lines after September 13, 1918.

94

Adventures in Propaganda

of here, I'm as safe as in Washington where street-cars and autos make life more dangerous than at the wars. I get discouraged at seeing no war. I never yet have seen an enemy gun flash and very few enemy shells burst or bombs, and hearing our barrage is nothing. You can hear it as far as thunder and it gives you as little sense of alarm. I'm out of the war from that standpoint — and I'm rather humble, especially on a day like this when we are again striking up Argonne way, as you will hear to-morrow, long before you get this.

Is n't it astounding, the events of the past two weeks, even of the past six days? The A.E.F.'s derisive slogan of "Hell, Heaven, or Hoboken by Christmas" may, it is barely possible, prove Hoboken. I do not believe it or even speculate on it, but I know well the war will be won by next year for an absolute certainty.

XXI

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

October 6, 1918

ALL day on this memorable Sunday I've wished you were here, all day I knew you were thinking over the same great news as I, and wanting to talk it over. Finally, worn out with speculating over war and peace, I took a long, fast walk, the first in many weeks, and had dinner at La Tourelle, loafing off to the "Y" for coffee, and read the lightest thing I could find, "*La Sourire de France*," and found in it such a highly amusing, indecent, and wholly French story that I must needs send it to you.

This sheet and *La Vie Parisienne* are seen everywhere here — striking side-lights on the ravening woman-hunger which war begets. You take a youth and train him vigorously and make a fine animal of him, and then deprive him of women, and the wonder is that all armies are n't a mere devastation for anything female in reach. Add to this two circumstances, that the women

Adventures in Propaganda

about here are deprived of their men, — some for years, — and that the soldier is bound for a place which may be his last on earth, or just returned from a place where life was so desperate that every good thing this earth affords seems his by right of reward, — and the wonder is that there is any restraint on either side. The soldier at the front lives by taking, — he takes cover, food, blankets, equipment, furniture, everything that he must have to exist when away from civilization wherein he ordinarily earns these things, — also he takes lives, and naturally he feels afraid thereafter of taking nothing. For the women here he's a soldier and a savior of her country, a new kind of a man, and a bigger. Finally, war is two thirds waiting, — so far as the soldier is concerned, — and it's all waiting so far as women are concerned.

In some companies there is almost none of "that." Officers are the explanation. They have appealed to their men to be fine men — and the American soldier who has stood up under shell-fire, because his officer told him to, has also stood up against the woman-hunger because

Adventures in Propaganda

the officer appealed to his chivalry. The American soldier is amazingly responsive to appeal to his better self.

The rage for women shows up oddly. In the ugly fashion of the obscene postcards with which the Boche prisoners are lousy and in the amusing fashion of these "French" weeklies, which, the Lord be praised, are provided by the "Y." Think of me chuckling over so absurdly an indecent story as this. At least, it was a welcome relief from speculating on what the President must say to the Teuton peace offer. I have had a headache over that.¹

Madame Margot, my toothless landlady, burst in on me with the hot water this morning, saying breathlessly: "One says that Germany offers peace. It is official. An officer of the 'État Major' told me. Oh, Monsieur le Capitaine, is it true?" My opinion was then of no value, as I did n't have my shirt on yet to go out.

At G.H.Q. I learned it was true. At noon you should have seen this village and all the villages in France. Every street was lined with people

¹ See Appendix.

Adventures in Propaganda

all in one position, bent over a paper. All the world was reading the Paris papers. Men, women, youths, soldiers, Americans. They devoured the papers with the great news. It is the only news they are interested in.

There was the street full of them reading. Round a corner came a black crucifix borne by two cheerful little shavers; then a priest in lace and a hearse with four soldiers in faded blue at either side, guns strung rather carelessly on their backs. The coffin was hidden in the gay splash of the tri-color. Burying another soldier. The readers in the street briefly uncovered and went on reading. Behind the hearse walked exactly seven persons — five women in deep, deep black, a bit of a girl in black, and a non-descript, diseased-looking young-old man. I've passed a number of such funerals here, and the pillars of the church are hung with long rolls of "Morts dans le champs d'honneur." Burying under the tri-color and at the sound of a volley is so common, I doubt that even the passionate readers in the street noted the funeral as giving point to the news.

Adventures in Propaganda

What does Paris say? And what London? I'll bet the cables are burning under the cold Atlantic with advice to the White House. For London and Paris cannot say a word — they're choked. Once again all the world turns and waits breathless for President Wilson. And what he says I must get ready to scatter over the lines.

What should he say? I don't know. Perhaps Generals Foch and Pershing should say more with their guns. They might in two months really democratize Germany. Things move at once so fast and so slowly there. Prince Max of Baden: that's a pretty poor stick for a democrat. Erzberger, Groher: fearfully bourgeois. Scheidemann: his greatest asset is that the Kaiser hates him. Very bureaucratic this revolutionary government looks to me. I suspect the whole crew has a fearful eye out, not on Wilson, or the Western Front, but on the Left, the real Left, the desperate masses of Germany.

If Wilson speaks from his own stern heart I think he will hit it right. We'll know before you get this.

XXII

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

October 15, 1918

THESE are tremendous days. Fritz is running out of France. Wilson to-day threw his bomb-shell.¹ Now we shall see whether German changes are real, or rather how real they are. If German civilian morale is still high — a year more of war or half a year, rather. If German civilians are cracking — peace may come quick. The revolution in Germany is real enough; how deep it is is another matter. If Max of Baden goes out and, say Solf, follows him in and then out as quickly, if Scheidemann goes the same gate, also in quick fashion — then look out. For Germany will go Bolshevik — or damn near. At present the revolution is “surface” so far as is manifested in the Government, but I am inclined to think our experts have overestimated the German civilian morale. I’m inclined to see signs of my old theory —

¹ See Appendix.

Adventures in Propaganda

that Germany would crack and crack suddenly. The German people — this is my guess — are beginning to want peace as badly as the Russians did, and are determined to have it. Then good-bye, Kaiser; good-bye several more kings. Perhaps my desire to see you soon is getting the better of my alleged political judgment.

The thing against this is the German army morale, which is still high, and the German army is capable of a devil of a lot of hard fighting yet. Now comes the big retreat — Lille is going, perhaps the last great lines of stand in France and Flanders are going; German army morale may go badly to pieces and not revive in time for a real stand-up fight on their own soil. Add this to growing panic at home, and add to all the German trait of morbid despondency, and, bang! Germany will go the whole hog in giving up Alsace-Lorraine and even Polish Prussia. On the other hand, a really truly — so far as geography goes — war of defense, waged by a really truly attempted liberalized government, and it'll be a long war.

The great part of the President's answer to-

Adventures in Propaganda

day was, of course, the last part, directed to the German nation, and pointing out the direct connection between peace and the destruction of Kaiserism. France will go wild over the first part of the note, which refers Berlin to the military for an armistice — to Foch, France's idol. France will go wild, too, over the note's attack on the German burning of French towns. France has too many wounds to think much of peace now. Wilson must look for his main backing for a just peace to the British Left. I must say he'll get more real backing there than in America. May he, better yet, count on the backing of his own austere sense of what's right, of what's the greatest contribution he, Woodrow Wilson, can make to history.

This mountain country is pretty wet, foggy, cold, and dead these days. Already it's the devil of a life to have to lead in the trenches or in open warfare. Clothes wet, food cold and uncertain — that's what this weather means to fighting men. There are some good days, and through it all the A.E.F. boys are drilling ahead — making a really great record. As Ger-

Adventures in Propaganda

many swings out of France she will naturally — any one can see — pile more and more men up in front of the American sector and hang on like grim death. — But ON LES AURA!

I spent two days in Paris, jumping from there in one day through here and up frontwards. Marion is now up there. I learned his location on the way down from Paris and was pleased to make my route next day take me through his headquarters town. I motored to the barracks — a great stretch of interminable “Adrians” on a tramped-up hillside. His unit had left the night before. He was only about fifteen miles farther off, but I could not find the time to make the *détour*. I motored hard and fast those days. Up early and to bed late, eating in many towns. One night I spent four hours trying to find a needle in a haystack. The needle was an aviation field and no larger than that. It was the devil of a job. See me climbing guide-posts to read the tiny lettering, rattling at village midnight windows, behind which startled old women cried, “*Qui est là?*” and were too alarmed to tell me even the name

Adventures in Propaganda

of their village. See me taken in by a pair of numbskull poilus in the road, who knew nothing about the "champs d'aviation Américain près de B——," and then began to recall it, and then, intoxicated by the pleasure of giving full information to some one so visibly gratified for it, supplying me with complete directions, all wrong, — all the product of polite desire to please and of fertile imagination. As I found out, after thrashing over miles of roads and landing in a village in the squarely opposite direction of the right one. But when the "C. in C." orders — one gets there at last.

Did I tell you of the man walking home at midnight? I was trying to find — let us call it Sommeilles. A figure with a pack aback showed up in the auto lights and I jumped out and asked him the way.

"I am from Germany," replied the figure.

"What?"

"I am from Germany!" again.

Seeing that I had a *fou* to deal with, I irritably demanded if he knew the road to Sommeilles.

Adventures in Propaganda

"It is my home. I am going there. I am from —"

"But then you can guide me? Then, montez s'il vous plaît." He thanked me and got aboard, and in the plainer light looked tired, calm, and sane.

"You are from Germany? When?" I asked.

"Ten days ago," he answered. He was a *répatrié*. He had missed the train at R—. That was why he was walking with a pack at midnight. He wanted to get home. After four years. Not a soldier, he was among the civilians *enlevés* when the Germans first entered France. He was forty-eight. His wife would be waiting for him. But his boy — sixteen when he was taken off — was now twenty, and at the front. The boy would not be waiting at the door.

He told me a curious thing. For weeks past, whenever an Allied plane came over the town, Rastatt, where he worked, no matter whether it was marked as a French or British plane, the inhabitants would invariably cry out: "An American! Ach! the Americans!" A little hint that, despite all their Press, their defiance, and

Adventures in Propaganda

their undoubted bravery — deep down in every German heart is the consciousness of *America*; in their hearts they know the war is lost and they know why. That is what is eating the heart of Germany. That's another reason why I think Germany will crack suddenly and badly.

XXIII

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

October 17, 1918

So delightful a letter from you dated September 21-23, with so sad a postscript. It was the first word I'd had of Harry Thrasher — that he is dead. I am trying to find out how and where he died. It was your clipping, too, that gave me the first word of Quincy Mills's death. The sculptor turned soldier died in the profession he adopted with so much ardor. Likely he died gladly — but what a waste.

It stays rainy and foggy here day in and day out. Not a clear day in weeks. These are moving times despite the weather — forward moving. My work goes well. Ralph Hayes is here now. We lunch together and argue great points to a finish.

The personnel office just 'phones that Lieutenant Thrasher was killed in action on August 11. I suppose in the Jaulgonne region. So he died fighting! Graham Wallas said in London: "I

Adventures in Propaganda

hope that your President, in considering the reasons for peace, will take account of the possible loss of life. The loss of a million men is in itself a very strong factor to be taken into account." So far our losses have been only what was to be expected. Wild rumors of colossal killing are false — based on the severe losses suffered by certain units, and not at all true of the A.E.F. as a whole. But somehow the death of one or two soldiers whom one knew means more than the death of an army corps.

This evening I went off with R. H. to get him bestowed in his billet. Why? Because I can talk so much more French than he that I can almost be said to talk French — compared with him. During the interview I'd leave him stalled every now and then, and though he'd shrug his shoulders for all he was worth the words would n't come and the young Lieutenant would politely say: "Now, you, old crab, come across with some of that lingo. Tell her I don't want the stove in now — I want to burn wood in the grate." I've paid simply no attention to French since over here — much less than you do I

Adventures in Propaganda

know still. But I managed to tell Madame that the electric light (which R. H., the lucky dog, has — I have n't) ought to have a string to lower it, and the bed should be nearer the window.

Ralph is a great stickler for military etiquette, all the more so because colonels and generals are continually recognizing him among the ranks of the lowly and singing out, "Why, hello, Hayes, when did you blow in?" All offer him jobs and he's still questing after one "where I'll get shot at." That he *must* have, he says. Meanwhile he's here at a desk near my room.

XXIV

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

October 24, 1918

RETURNED from two days' whirl wherein I must have motored three hundred miles, way up north, then over to the Vosges and back. By great luck one of the two days was clear; the forests a flame of yellows and reds, though never so red and gold as Ohio woods. All the trip was old to me except the end of the first afternoon, when I made a *détour* to pursue Marion and found him, and the second day was all new. None of these trips takes me to the fighting, I'm sorry to say. It's with real resolution that I stick to the line of duty and don't go where I might find a grave with the inscription, "He was looking for it."

I was thinking deeply of the German third note as I started.¹ It had banged open the door to peace again, it seemed to me. The great argument for peace was once more in the streets as I

¹ See Appendix.

Adventures in Propaganda

drove out of town — another of the poverty-stricken little war funerals, the same hearse with the same flag, the same old six soldiers with their guns awry, walking at either side, the same two little boys with the black crucifix ahead, the seven weary plodders behind, again six women and one old man.

I followed again the provinces of war — the interior roads with few army wagons, and rarely a plane overhead; then the region of truck trains parked along the way; then the province of barracks, light railways, and railhead dumps; and toward the frontiers, woods full of hidden men and munitions, planes overhead, villages of many troops and few civilians, up to the land of real war where the light railways sneak off and hide, and wire is plentiful, and there are dug-outs, and guns can be heard, — and some miles off is its farther border of trenches and O.P.'s and bullets. I'm always leading up to the climax, but I've not yet seen the fourth act of the play.

On these trips I eat and sleep in many places, but always comfortably, disgustingly so. Perhaps I lunch at some "Popottes des Alliés," a

Adventures in Propaganda

French officers' mess open to Americans and monopolized by them—some great eating-room that was once an assembly hall, where one eats excellent food, *vin compris*, for four francs. Or I dine in the biggest hotel in some small city, the room one jam of American officers, with a few French, some "veteran war correspondents," and a civilian or two. "What do you think of these invading Americans, ces enfants terribles?" I ask the banker-looking civilian opposite me. "Ha, they are marvellous. So many strangers in France, Anglais, Belges, Portugais, Senegalèse." That last seems to call for a retort, but I have n't French enough at command to make it and be polite—I wanted to say, "And Boche." "They are so large, so young, so full of santé," he goes on. "And toujours souriant (always smiling)." That seemed to amaze him. "V'là," he cries, shrugging, "there, always smiling. It rains, they smile." "And in the trenches?" "They smile! I warrant," he says.

Another meal it's a blue officer opposite. He has one of those mediæval French ducal profiles, high brow, straight nose, full curling lips,

Adventures in Propaganda

deeply indented just under the lower lip, and jutting spurt of beard on his jutting chin. He speaks English, and of course immediately opens up on me.

In his town he had induced French families to ask in the American officers and enlisted men. It did very well, he said. What gave the French confidence was that the American soldiers were always playing with the French children. "That's because there's no embarrassment there, — about language and customs, — children don't mind our ignorance of the speech — and they understand." He agreed that that had something to do with it.

"They are so far from home. But even the rough ones are gentle," he says. "I was coming out of a cinema, two sailors ahead began pinching two girls, almost trying to kiss them. I said, 'You've made a mistake. Those girls are good girls — they're with their mother.' And one of them begged me to apologize for them to the girls' mother. You know I saw tears in that boy's eyes!"

Curious how we study each other, we peoples

Adventures in Propaganda

parted by our tongues. We get along excellently together.

Late at night I roll into the black, tortuous streets of T—— and break into the “Y.M.C.A.” housed in the house from which the priest was routed. A tired “Y” woman says the house is full, but Monsieur X has a bed, and leads me down the street to a large door and into a large front parlor, switches on a light, and among the settees, lacquered tables, mirrors, chandeliers, hangings, etc., are half a dozen cots jammed in. Without a word or a wash, I peel off, partly, and turn in, thanking my stars that you had got me a blanket and that I’d brought it along, for the bed looked “used” and pretty light-covered. So I wrap up in my own blanket inside the bedding.

Next morning it is Monsieur X himself who enters and inquires if we’d slept well, meanwhile clinking silver money in his hands as if playing with it. He had learned that that was the easiest way of talking to Americans about the bill. “*Come bean?*” inquire the two young aviators, just gathering up their helmets, leather coats,

Adventures in Propaganda

and panoramic maps. The handsome military mustached Monsieur X (evidently a decayed gentleman) cheerfully collects three francs from each of us.

Slam-banging through the night in a new region one meets many folks as one inquires the way. Old women, who cheerfully draw water for the auto and volubly direct or misdirect us. Once it was an old priest, curé of the village, who ran down the road in the dark to where he saw us studying a Km. stone trying to make out our way. He is like an old woman in his gown and cap and his volubility. He knew we had taken the wrong turn — he knew — we wanted the road to D. — ah, he knew — many took the wrong turn just here; he would guide us; he knew the Americans — a colonel he had had at his house once for weeks. And he shook hands good-bye with one finger, the others holding his black book. He lifted his cap and wiggled a blessing at us, and I departed regretting again my lack of polite verbiage.

Perhaps it's nearer the front where we lunch. A lively barrage is going on between the soup

Adventures in Propaganda

and the salad — Archies overhead trying to get some Boche avion; and the pretty waitress and I frequently step to the window to watch the shrapnel puffs in the blue sky. With the fromage Mademoiselle breaks in to cry that the Boche has fallen, about three kilos away.

That morning I'd seen half a dozen Boche planes overhead and had piled out twice to see the barrage. You hear nothing in the noisy shut-in car until you see people pausing here and there to stare up. After a mile or so of starers I pull up and hop out. "Krump-blat" go the guns and the blue sky is being marked with white points which puff out, then expand, then hang and grow and float, with others continually puffing out near by. Finally, in the midst of a network of the puffballs you make out the tiny gnat which is the bull's-eye of it all. And then you may hear the far-away regular "Tack-tack-tack-tack" of the machine guns — battles in the air at that height sound unearthly fairy-like — and you make out another gnat and the two dodging and turning. Then everybody on the road stops and watches, — the mere barrage

Adventures in Propaganda

was too common. While I watched one fight, a plane fell. "Ah, il tombe!" is the cry, and then, with a different "Ah," "C'est le français." These civilians can tell the planes apart when I can't. This one fell about a mile, whirling in the bright sun, looking as little like a tragedy as a falling leaf. When still 'way up he righted and went off under control.

In all the cities on the front over here the bombed houses and all the doors of substantial buildings have this sign, "Abri — 100," meaning a cellar to house a hundred during a raid, or, "Cave Voutée — 15," or simply $\frac{+}{\text{d}}$ the holy sign to bless the place and the number who can get safety there. In the open squares are great concrete, roofed-in dugouts to hold hundreds.

One part of the Vosges is rather famous for laces, I'd heard, and I hunted 'round after lunch for a shop I'd spied. In an *épicerie* I found a large woman with bad teeth and a voice like a sweet bird's.

She showed me the laces I pointed out: "Made by the hand," she chirped. "Dentelles de Mirecourt," and I took the piece that was so

Adventures in Propaganda

“belle” that she had had it since spring, and if I had not purchased it she would have given it to her daughter for *Noël*.

Out in the street the “krump-blats” were so lively that I counted forty-three shrapnel puffs beside a few black cloudlets, high explosives. The plane was ducking toward Boche-land quite successfully.

There was an unusual stir of people, going and coming, afoot and on bicycles, out one street. “Out there’s the fallen Boche, I bet.” Then a car with some “Y.M.’s” drew up and confirmed the guess.

“Our plane did n’t fire more than ten shots, and he,” pointing back, “came down in flames. The observer jumped. He was rammed so hard in the ground his shoes came off when they pulled the body out. The other was still burning. I got the French to pour water on the body.” They all had pieces of camouflaged cloth in their hands. “Americans always get souvenirs,” one said sheepishly, and then, as if to excuse himself, he laid a piece on my arm. They went off, and I stood there with the wrapped-up lace

Adventures in Propaganda

and the bit of colored canvas. It was the brilliantest, clear, peacefulest day!

Here are the two bits, one from France, one just from Germany — as they came together in that street.

XXV

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

October 25, 1918

I SUPPOSE my letters seem full of the trivialities of war. They're the relief. Day and night and Sundays I'm puzzling my head over the big problems and their bearing on my job. So I find myself hunting for the relief of noting the surface manifestations of the war as I see it. The observations are n't especially deep or serious and so you must n't take 'em so.

I see so many reports of great changes, that I'm hard put to it to find touchstones on which to test them. One of one's most familiar tests is the newspapers whose habits he knows. I'm perpetually irritated to be cut off from them. French papers are pretty poor. I read them diligently from *L'Action Française*, which is the Royalist sheet, through *Le Matin* and *Journal* to *l'Humanité*, just now come into the control of the minority (now the majority) Socialists.

Adventures in Propaganda

The last is the best of the lot for actual amount of news. I enclose a sample. It will bear reading.

I have no idea of American reaction to the President's amazing notes. I can get no idea of American thought on war or peace. I have an idea that America is beginning to think again after the long year devoted to action solely. That was always the anomaly: apparently the whole of the American people had quit thinking so far as the press gave evidence, and yet among governments only the American was doing any real thinking — so far as government's pronouncements gave evidence. That is the real marvellousness of Wilson.

Incidentally about all I have to do these days is to publish to the Boche what the President says; he writes all our leaflets now.

It's late. I must to bed. Here's something which will amuse you: I dined at a French restaurant here to-night with a lieutenant and a thin little army nurse as table companions. She seemed so subdued, the shabby little servitor in the backwash of war, that I began covertly to gibe at her. "It does n't look as though

Amerikanische Justiz



In Kansas wurde der Proggerman Jimmy Walter gehängt. Die Täter wurden freigesprochen.



Der Nigger Sam Datch schlug die Witze Aunt Biss, weil sie die Bibel in lutherischer Übersetzung las. Er wurde freigesprochen.



Der Chippaway-Indianer Bloody Eiert taffote den Knaben Tommy Plinkeln, weil er für seinen Vater ein paar Frankfurter geholt hatte. Er wurde freigesprochen.



Der Professor Woodrow Wilson hatte ein Buch geschrieben, nach welchem Deutschland der bestregelte Staat sei. Er wurde freigesprochen.

AMERICAN JUSTICE (GERMAN PROPAGANDA)

46

Adventures in Propaganda

you women in the war were going to have much to say about the things at home." She looked anxious. I went on: "You're over here mixed up in a man's job. When you get slapped in the face, you don't have a word." She wanted to know what I meant. "Well, why don't you call for the resignation of a few Senators. They booted you so far as suffrage is concerned. Over here you're getting hardened to blood and murder, you would have the excuse of becoming accustomed to strong measures, but not a peep from any of you on that suffrage vote." "But we could n't get a letter published," she said. "But you have n't even written a letter home about it, have you?" She surprised me by saying: "If I write the letter, will you censor it and send it over?" I promised I would. I don't even know her name nor she mine, but I found I'd sized her up right. The little person was a suffragist with grit hidden away in her. I'll go there to dine to-morrow night and see if she keeps her word.

I won't know how to talk to women when I get home, for I talk to none at all. The "Y"

Adventures in Propaganda

women weary me. A kind of glorified army housekeeper, doing splendid work, but about as soulful as housekeepers usually are. Somehow you don't know what the hell to do with women in this war zone.

XXVI

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

October 29, 1918

RECENTLY things have opened up wider and wider. All goes better. The great ones here have gradually come to do exactly the things I first asked and now the whole programme moves faster and bigger. Of course, it would with the magnificent messages the President has been writing. The three to Germany, especially the last and the Austrian one, are my great stock in trade.¹

I am so much interested in your reflection of the state of mind at home over Germany's first notes and the President's answers. You convey the impression that people there regarded Germany's changes as camouflage and nothing real. I certainly saw a good deal of that attitude among staff officers who ought to know better, but my study of the German papers reveals how extraordinary are the changes. The day

¹ See Appendix.

Adventures in Propaganda

the Kaiser's rescript to Hertling was published, accepting his resignation to make room for "men having more of the people's confidence," I had copies of the thing stricken off, saying to myself, "What does this mean? Can it be that the German Revolution is starting at last?" It moves slowly, — as a revolution, — but it's amazingly fast for Germany, and I am among those prophesying the abdication of the Kaiser, the ousting of Max of Baden, the growth of the Independent Socialists, and a quick-coming choice between a republic and Bolshevism. As to the war — it's done for; prophets should n't commit themselves until after the terms of the armistice have been published, but I say that line of the Kaiser's to Hertling meant that I should see you before so very long.

XXVII

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

November 1, 1918

THINGS happen so fast. To-day Turkey has quit, the revolution seems to have broken out in Buda-Pesth and Vienna — now comes the rumor that the Kaiser has quit. They are skeptical of the last here. Though you will know long before you get this I venture a record! He has. This war will see no kings in Central Europe at its end.

You can imagine the desperate job of trying to keep leaflets up to date. It can hardly be done. And yet we've done very fairly. Prisoners come in saying the first word of this or that happening was the air-route news.

The war is over. No matter how steep the terms of the armistice, nor what last rallying cry may rise in Germany, there'll be no more fighting in 1919.

XXVIII

*General Headquarters, A.E.F.,
November Three, and the War is over!*

AUSTRIA has signed — the word has just come, and it goes into effect to-morrow and will be published the next day! The Kaiser has signed, or is signing, so far as his personal connection with thrones is concerned — I am sure of it. The war is gone *Kaput* — it's over — *fini!*

This is just a note to holler! There's ferocious fighting going on on our front right now — but the war is over and won. There'll be fighting of the fiercest sort for a few weeks yet, but the war is over! Poor boys who die when the war is over!

Yesterday I motored along scores of frontwards area. Griscom and Ifft were off in another direction. They got shelled and had to take to dugouts for an hour, dragging a wounded man from the street into their dugout. Shells blew up part of the hospital in that town — the same hospital where Marion was until about

Adventures in Propaganda

twenty days ago. In his desperation the enemy is doing a lot of "harassing" in the immediate back areas. He's still putting up a strong and terrific defense on our front. But our army ploughed into him so savagely yesterday that he ran and our troops pursuing in trucks could n't even get in touch with him.

The nearer peace we get the harder we press the fighting. Our front is on the move to-day. Not much thought of peace, not much belief in the weakening of Germany, up on our front where the doughboys are fighting a savage and powerful foe. The absorbing and desperate business of war goes on there more intensely than ever. With so huge a number of enemy divisions piled up before us and all the machine guns and airplanes of Germany concentrated there, we're having no proof, say the boys, of "changes" and "wrecked morale" in Germany. It's the same old war up there.

If this note sounds tired and worn out, it's just because the days are long and full and there's no rest. But I enjoy 'em to the full. Wish I could get more done at times, but they

Adventures in Propaganda

are tremendously absorbing and varied. Tomorrow I'm out on the road again, — still totting the helmet and gas-mask which I've had no occasion to use, — still hoping the line of duty will lead me where the noise is, and still sticking to my resolution to eschew "looking for it." I am taking Miltenberger up front with me. Tell his mother he's developed into a very capable officer, which he certainly has.

R. H. is meeting a distinguished lady who arrives shortly, Miss Wilson. Paris I hear, is transformed, streets half illuminated again, people glowing, triumphant. In this town, behold, we have now at night one gas-lamp half turned up, and under it a wandering *chantier* with an accordion singing and selling boulevard hits. Amazing! For the most part we go on as before. The great machine grinds ahead — grinds ahead.

XXIX

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

November 6, 1918

HAVE just read the President's note transmitting the terms to Germany, saying, "Go ask Foch."¹

Now what will happen? It will have happened by the time you get this, of course. Will Germany accept? Will the Kaiser abdicate? Will the fighting end this month? So go the questions. The high and mighty ones are through conversing in Paris — what will be the result?

I don't know. The bets in the purlieus of the embassies are, "Armistice signed and not another shot in ten days." War over by November 15. Perhaps. They're very wise there — far wiser than the soldiers! *We* soldiers!

Turning to fresher airs — I go up frontwards to-morrow, to shove over my very important

¹ See Appendix.

Adventures in Propaganda

papers. What a month from now will bring forth I have no idea — or a week. I have absolutely no idea. Must just wait and see — in the army.

XXX

*General Headquarters, A.E.F.,
Sunday, November 10, 1918*

CURIOUS work waging war these days. At the front it's all our magnificent push into Sedan and east of the Meuse. Back here it's all the wireless news of Germany's revolution. Long before you get this it will be public that the eventuality I predicted not long ago is already upon us. Yes — I crow a bit as a prognosticator.

The war always was, as somebody said, a race with revolution, and revolution has won. Berlin in the hands of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Committee! Germany gone Bolshevik! Only a fortnight ago, only yesterday, many were sure that Germany's "democratization" was *all* camouflage. To suggest that fifteen per cent of it was camouflage and eighty-five per cent was very much more the real thing than it even pretended to be, was enough to get one looked on with suspicion.

So fast events move that the feeling of relief

Adventures in Propaganda

that "the war is over" is nowhere in my consciousness. I felt absolutely sure of that a month ago — so naturally am a bit surprised by expressions of new-born relief being shouted here now. Fast, fast the world moves!

In the evening

The devil's got into the A.E.F., even into the Headquarters troops right here in the citadel of discipline. You will have to grasp two things to appreciate this: One, our ceremonious military daily bread here. The guards at the gates — the bugles at frequent intervals — the minutely saluting — the spacious guard-mount from 11 to 11.30 every morning (on a fine day that is a bully picture), the military band concert every day from 1 to 2, the marching and counter-marching. Two, the eagerness for news shown by all Americans. Up at the front I see knots of soldiers in the rain jammed round a single newspaper. Well, they got their news! To the average soldier over here the surest single sign that the war is over is the abdication of the Kaiser. What's the result? The streets hum in

Adventures in Propaganda

the darkness to-night with men raucously yowling: "Good-bye France, good-bye France, I hate to leave you —" "Like hell you do," somebody interjects. Or they're singing "Kentucky Home," or the newer music-hall stuff that one hears everywhere, but does n't know the words and never will. "Invade Germany? What the hell! Let the *Germans* hang the Kaiser!" — some one explodes in the darkness. Another explosion — "By —, if they don't send the umpty-umph home first, there'll be real war. We've been in it longer than any other division!" Moreover, I saw in ten minutes' walk two groups of three soldiers, the centre of each being a drunk whom his flanks were trying to shut up and get out of sight of the M.P.'s. That's most unusual here. It's a sign that the A.E.F. is ready to blow its head off for peace and home. They'd never go home if the job was still to be done, but — "the Kaiser's out" — that's to them the sure sign that "school's out" for the A.E.F.

"Can't realize it" is what the A.E.F. officers are mostly saying. There's a lost expression on

Adventures in Propaganda

their faces and they grin rather surprisedly at Chaumont exploding around them. What a poor little explosion after all! A few Chinese lanterns and a score of strung-out electrics — a good many flags suddenly hung out, the shop windows lighted, a considerable crowd, a great chatter, children whistling and yelling, poilus and girls intertwined and singing “La Marseillaise,” and yet it is all fairly shocking in this town where for years nightfall has meant complete blackness, stumbling in the streets, silence — bitter black repression, for four years.

These few lights, this going gaily to and fro, — and the bits of “La Marseillaise,” — they are astounding. Not in a hundred years has France celebrated great victory. She does n’t know how. And so few at home to celebrate. Over on the hill, three miles away, where the A.E.F. gas school is, the Americans are showing them how to do it. Great booms tear across the night and constellations and rockets and bombs of many-colored lights startle the sky there — the machinery of war misturned to gay uses.

Adventures in Propaganda

And yet the army is so set in its ways that here in the great casernes where G.H.Q. is housed, every window to-night is muffled as of yore — in the days of war. Except General Pershing's — they are openly, brazenly alight.

Half the afternoon the church bells rang. "Victory — victory." I took a long walk along the canalized Marne — and in the valley was a lone little church whose bells rang and rang. The old women and boys still worked in the fields — the bells near split their sides. Then they stopped. In five minutes they began again — and rang until the ringer's breath gave out. After a pause they rang again for half an hour, while I clambered over all the piney hillsides round about — and felt sick of the war, and of France and of Victory. I could be tremendously glad of such a victory; with Germany crowning it with such a revolution, the war seems worth while. I should feel exalted. Instead I feel just plumb lonesome.

It was a cheerful day, almost sunny, and especially at noon — the great yard of the caserne alive, on one side forty husky soldiers

Adventures in Propaganda

booting an American football, on the other a hundred officers listening to the band, the flags flapping, an airplane zooming overhead; couriers' motor-cycles tearing in and out with their mud-colored riders; then a stir, a snapping to attention by officers fifty yards off as the great gray auto with the red shield with four white stars purrs past and General Pershing's soldierly profile and hand stiffly at salute is spied.

The sleepy old Marne with its tree-flanked canal was green and gray and the villages with their beautiful red roofs, all made a charming bit — but lonely.

Poor France! These villages made me think so forcibly of those other villages I passed a few days ago. Smashed into the mud, nothing human left, no roofs, no walls, no streets, no unbroken stones, nothing, nothing but horrible catastrophe. The dirty, wallowing soldiers in the muddy ways through these places that had been homes, looked almost beautiful.

XXXI

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

November 12, 1918

Le jour de gloire est arrivé having really begun yesterday, but Chaumont, Paris, — all France is still celebrating.

There was an official celebration here this evening and I was delegated to represent G. 2. D. of the General Staff at the fête at the Hôtel de Ville. I found that the duties of official celebrator are to stand in a jam and exhibit the uniform. It was at four o'clock. The town was all in the streets with flags at every door. A real crowd in the Place in front of the Hôtel de Ville, a stately old building for so small a town, with "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," in big gold letters high on the façade — as in every town in France. Through a long formal lane in the crowd I marched, trying hard to look like a modest hero. Inside a rather impressive salon, jammed with French officers, Americans, some British, Belgian, and Italian, also the bour-

Adventures in Propaganda

geoisie in silk hats and bankers' beards. Two or three women, — one, strange to say, not in black. Next me stood a French lieutenant, — emaciated, wry-necked, and not gay. I saw he had the *Croix de Guerre*, with many palms and stars, the *Médaille Militaire*, and another medal, — not to speak of the *fourragère*. Also he had an artificial arm and one artificial leg. The hand at the end of his arm looked rigid, and the most childish attempt at making a wax model to exhibit gloves on. Three bull-necked, tremendously bearded Frenchmen made orations in which every other word was "Victoire — Triomphe — Nos Poilus," etc.

It was curious to perceive such real eloquence coming from such Assyrian bullheads. After half an hour's jam I was glad to escape.

The war is over. There was savage fighting going on on the American fronts at eleven o'clock — the last, the real zero hour, yesterday. Our boys, it seems, hardly knew of the armistice negotiations. The Germans knew and were sending over absolutely everything their artillery had left. Our artillery was sending even more

Adventures in Propaganda

back. North of St. Mihiel the fighting was extremely savage — at eleven o'clock. Then the artillery stopped. Runners came forward and told our men of the armistice, the order to cease firing, the war's end.

It seems that when the end came our men waited a bit, somewhat dazed and astounded. Then one and then another began calling and standing up, where standing meant death but minutes before. Then three hundred yards off — five hundred — seven hundred — they saw other figures standing — Boche soldiers. Our men trickled over to "see." The Boche men were already coming over to "see." Our men gave them cigarettes and received knives, souvenirs, even Iron Cross ribbons. Fritz stayed in our trenches — or rather shell-holes and fox-holes — awhile and had coffee. When officers approached, both Boches and Americans would make off to their own lines.

The Germans were almost cocky. They did n't act licked at all. They knew the war was lost — but they personally had n't lost it. They knew the Kaiser had abdicated and that the Crown

Adventures in Propaganda

Prince was dead and that the King of Saxony had been assassinated — and a lot more of partly true, partly false, things. They knew the American cigarettes and coffee were mighty good, but if their officers had come along and cried out that it was all off and all on and to begin firing, they'd have dropped behind their machine guns again.

I think I've written — I know I've often said — that the "great-man theory" was a myth. Sometimes I almost revert to it — when Wilson does some of the things he does, the great-man theory seems to come alive again, and when I see what "the officer" is and does — the little-great-man shows up. At least the power of the individual. "It's the officers," said a Yank sergeant to me yesterday. "If the officer is good, all right. If not, you can't get the men to do anything." This sergeant had just come from Bois Belleu — not the old Bois de Belleau, but Bois Belleu up on the St. Mihiel sector, where a day or two ago there was fighting worse than Château Thierry, the Vesle, St. Mihiel, and the Argonne. And this boy had been through all

Adventures in Propaganda

those. "The Boches," he said — "they were Saxons — had been told to hold at all costs, and they did. We did n't take prisoners — we could n't. The few we might have taken would have tried to get back, and we had nobody to guard 'em. It was just a dozen machine-gun nests, but the Boche stuck right there until he got killed and that's all there was to it. One nest — they're mostly concrete affairs, with steel shutters and a door, holding twenty-one men and six to twelve guns — cost us all the officers we had left and a lot of men. One of our non-coms just went crazy there. We were all around it and still they stuck, opening up the door now and then to throw a bomb. Once they were n't quick enough in shutting it and the sergeant jammed the door with a hand grenade and then threw away his rifle and got in that door with his trench knife. When we got in he had already killed five and not a Boche in there but had a slash on him somewhere." I think the man was telling the exact fact. He said: "The Boche counter-attacked four times and drove us back each time. The fifth time, our officer, a new

Adventures in Propaganda

one, — but everybody could see he was a good one, — told us to stop 'em, and at the right minute, he set up a yell, 'Now we've got 'em! They're running now! After 'em, boys!' They were n't running, but we went after them and pretty soon they *were* running. The officer did it." It recalls the saying, "In war somebody's always running away, either you or the other fellow. You've just got to find out which."

The killing's all over. It's human vanity to wish that I had been in it more deeply, — been under steady shell-fire instead of just having a few fall in the general neighborhood, — been on the line when any second a bullet might get you, instead of being on the line two days after the fighting had moved up three or four miles. In war you go mostly where you are told. Also as to "seeing" a battle, it can hardly be done. I have talked with a man here who was "in the thick" of it, was wounded three times in seven months, — and who never once laid eyes on a live Boche. He knew where they were and he was shooting at them, but he never actually saw an individual enemy. If seeing a battle is

Adventures in Propaganda

seeing an enemy shooting at you, that's rarer yet. Apparently when it gets down to very close work, it's a case of lying in your little individual shell-hole or behind a scrap of cover and gazing at a muck of torn-up ground, shell-holes, brush, and wire, when suddenly a German pops up, runs fifty feet toward you, and ducks into cover, then another makes the stooping run forward, and then another, in a little while another, — all the while you do your damndest to pick him off here and there. And the upshot is that either you run or he does. That is, either you drop back a little and do some more picking off, or drop 'way back and call for artillery, or else you begin ducking toward him with grenades and rifle shooting and bayonet ready — and he runs. It almost never comes to the bayonet itself — “came,” I meant. It really is all over, is n't it?

There you have two of the things that made such a war as this possible and so long-lasting: (1) You don't physically dismember the enemy by hand; (2) you don't see him at all; certainly you don't chat and smoke with him of evenings and try to kill him of mornings.

Adventures in Propaganda

Here's a most interesting bit. Some of the correspondents went up and did some "fraternizing" after the armistice. One told me that he was talking with six Boches when another near by called out, "But we'll never have a republic in Germany"; whereupon the six turned and verbally jumped on the speaker, cursing, deriding, and laughing him into silence. Six to one seems a good proportion for republicanism in the German army.

XXXII

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

November 18, 1918

I TRIED to get all the excitement I could out of lecturing before the Intelligence School to-day at Langres. Thank Heaven, it did n't rain: a clear, cold day with a good bit of sun. Langres is an hour's auto run a little east of south of Chaumont — a famous old fortress and bishopric on a hill, girdled with picturesque walls, bastions, and gates. It has several great casernes, for a year now occupied by the A.E.F. Staff College, Intelligence School, School of the Line, Sanitary School — a score of army schools, together with the Base Printing Plant. It is a pretty place, so many red, red roofs and queer streets, and a cathedral with a magnificent apse and chapels and a curious transition clerestory of little Roman arches.

To a class of ten or fifteen, with the war on, I could lecture informally on Propaganda for twenty-four hours at a stretch and not repeat

Adventures in Propaganda

myself — and do it with enthusiasm. But to a class of forty or forty-five, after the war is over, when it's a sort of entertainment — well, I'm no entertainer. The lecture-room was in the Carteret-Trecourt Caserne, — a great solid barracks on the rim of the ramparts, — the quaint cathedral looming up back of it, and a view stretching a hundred kilometres off east; on a clear day you can see the tips of the Vosges. The School adjutant leads me around at 2.30 in the afternoon, and as we enter the forty-five young officers, all with front-line experience, stand suddenly and embarrassingly at attention, each at his desk. I'm led down the long aisle to a wooden reading-stand and am introduced after the adjutant has whispered to me to order the officers to be seated. I suppose they'd be standing there yet if he had n't warned me.

I had made some notes, but I threw them to the winds and sailed in as best I could. "Canned" all the technical stuff I'd meant to expound and fell back on anecdotal comment on Propaganda as I'd "propped" her. I managed to survive it

Adventures in Propaganda

— especially by inviting questions and was glad to be heckled. They asked a good many, but not more than I could answer. I took care not to display too great knowledge of front-line regimental intelligence work — seeing as how every man-jack lieutenant and captain there had had months of experience at that.

At the end I thanked 'em, whereupon they all stood up stiffly at their desks again and stared straight ahead. I had some papers to gather together and called out, I think rather plaintively, — “Please don’t wait for me.” And they did n’t. Some came up later to ask questions. They were altogether a nice, capable-looking lot.

XXXIII

General Headquarters, A.E.F.,

November 21-22, 1918

I SPENT four days in Paris last week and, returning, found no letter from you. Not a cable, not a thing for eight days.

Setting off for Paris gave me a thrill. The fog of mental uncertainty that we have all of us been in hereabouts since the armistice, got so thick that I determined to shake it. So me voilà, Saturday noon, on the platform at Chaumont station, my orders in my pocket and Paris ahead and two days of freedom, the first in many moons.

The tang of victory was in the air. Lots of smiling officers — looking as if they had won the war — were waiting for the Paris train — to Paris for a victory fête. The unreality of the connections between the “fruits of victory” — and the soldiers who fought, stuck out pretty prominently, I knew. Here were officers, like me, who’d never missed a meal, slept in beds,

Adventures in Propaganda

met danger so rarely that it was an exhilaration — we were going off to celebrate. The men who fought were still up where they'd always been, and though danger was by and the meals were more regular — *they* weren't going to Paris.

Sunday was a great day. Paris was celebrating the return of Alsace-Lorraine — at last. The Place de la Concorde looked like a crazy artillery park: around the Obelisk, ringing the fountains, on all curbs, were hundreds and hundreds of German guns — mostly camouflaged, their long noses pointed skywards, or their squat, capacious muzzles ready to shoot the heads off the statues. Every kind of gun with every kind of color, in triumphant disarray. Along the Tuileries esplanade was a third of a mile of German airplanes, frantically camouflaged, with hundreds of machine guns cocked up like frogs, ready to jump. Camouflaged tanks were in the Avenue, parts of a Zeppelin at the Tuileries gates, and a captive captured sausage, with a great black cross on its side. The very sandbag hutments built over the monuments

Adventures in Propaganda

were strung with thousands of German helmets, camouflaged — they looked like turtles climbing in straight rows.

Everywhere where there were n't guns there were people that afternoon, on all streets, gates, trees, roofs. I was in the park around the airplanes — and on them. Suddenly the crowd began tearing canvas off the planes. In an hour they tore and broke all the wings off all those planes for souvenirs. They carried off a lot of machine guns later, and in the evening I saw them swiping German helmets off the covered statues.

It was a poor procession, but overhead the French flyers did marvellous stunts. Forty planes turned and twisted and fell there, while the guns boomed and the bells rang. The planes roared right down to the park tree-tops, deafening us, and then zoomed up, just missing the Obelisk top, and cavorted for victory. Clouds of carrier pigeons were loosed too.

The famous Strasbourg statue was, of course, the centre of the fête. The police for a time kept the populace off that monument, but finally

Adventures in Propaganda

civilians and poilus scrambled up to the very knees of the beflagged statue. It was reserved for a Yank to cap the climax. He climbed up to the statue's shoulder, shoving the decorations aside, and then right up to the crowned head, — and there sat down, legs crossed, cap cocked at the planes overhead, — legs dangling around Strasbourg's nose. The people howled with laughter. The formal addresses were orated to a statue with a Yank perched atop! Of all the scenes of turbulence that the Place has viewed, including some notable beheadings, I doubt there was ever a more grotesque upsetting of tradition than that Yank sitting there before a million victory-swelled Frenchmen, in the very nub of their fête.

At night the boulevards! Not quite so hysterical as the rioting the night of the armistice, — more exuberantly and confidently gay, — that was the boulevard throng that night. Men, women, soldiers, of all nations, girls of all kinds, rioted noisily the length of the boulevards. They went in long crack-the-whip chains of soldiers and girls or in smaller "raiding parties." Girls

Adventures in Propaganda

raided officers, snatching their caps or their sticks. Soldiers raided girls, snatching kisses, more often soaking kisses to great bear-hugs. American officers, parading with American Army nurses, tried at first to "protect" them, but they soon gave it up. "Marseillaise" and "Madelon" were sung, and bugles and tin horns blew. If a taxi tried to cross, the crowd fell on it and began rocking it so violently as to throw out the chauffeur.

"Give me thees!" cried a girl, snatching a pin flag off my chest, stuck there by some other girl earlier in the day. "The other one for my sister!" she cried, returning to the assault and seizing the other little flag. I suppose I grinned and said something like "Mais, oui, petite." At any rate she doubled up with laughter, cried, "Ah, l'Américain!" like a bird flew up to me again, both arms tight around my neck, and, Wow! I'd been kissed like a hero. Then she danced off laughing, as pretty a face as you ever saw perking up between her fur toque and fur coat collar.

I had my cap stolen several times later and

G-2-REETINGS



FROM
G-2 AEF
XMAS 1918

G. 2.'S CHRISTMAS CARD

G. 2. in army slang means Military Intelligence, of which Brigadier-General Dennis E. Nolan was Chief in France. General Nolan is shown here as the head and center of G. 2. A, B, C, and D, the last being the Propaganda Section — evidently having difficulties with the censor.

100

Adventures in Propaganda

recovered it with difficulty and for a price, but the other was nicer than stealing!

Here's one significant thing. They were not celebrating victory. Neither was the Chaumont *jeunesse* the night of November 11th. I never heard a shout of warlike triumph or even the word *Victoire*. There was just one universal call, "Finis — la guerre." ("Say, what's this 'finny la gair,' they say?" asked a puzzled Yank.) "Finis la guerre" — that's the whole thing. It's over, the war — ended, done for, past. All France is celebrating nothing these days — it's just celebrating. When you have n't celebrated for four years, you just celebrate.

Appendix III

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF EVENTS WHICH LED DIRECTLY TO GERMANY'S DEFEAT

TAKEN FROM NEW YORK TIMES OF JANUARY 2, 1919

Taking President Wilson's speech to Congress on Jan. 8, 1918, as containing the initial formulæ, in its fourteen points, for the conversations which ultimately resulted in the armistice, there succeeded down to the time of the Austro-Hungarian plea for a "confidential non-binding" discussion of war aims, on Sept. 15, a series of declarations of which the following are the most conspicuous:

Rumania signed the Treaty of Bucharest on May 6, the terms of which turned to naught all previous protestations of Hertling and Czernin, but, on June 24, Dr. von Kühlmann, the German Foreign Secretary, admitted for the first time in the Reichstag the impossibility of ending the war by arms alone. Hertling, on June 25, however, declared the League of Nations formula a trap to isolate Germany, and he rebuked his colleague Kühlmann.

On July 4 President Wilson's speech at Mount Vernon added four more articles to his peace formulæ expanding the idea of the "consent of the governed" principle and the aim for destruction of arbitrary power. Then on July 11 Hertling declared that he was ready for peace proposals, but that "President Wilson wants war until we are destroyed." On July 16 Baron Burian, who had succeeded

Appendix

Count Caernin, declared that Austria-Hungary was ready to discuss peace on the basis of President Wilson's Mount Vernon address—on all points save territory. On Sept. 27 the President delivered an address in New York City which put in concise form the substance of his twenty-two articles in regard to arbitrary power or military power versus the people's will. It was practically an answer to the Austro-Hungarian plea of Sept. 15, which had been immediately rejected.

Final Exchange of Notes

- Oct. 5.—Prince Max of Baden, who had succeeded Hertling, accepts President's program as basis for negotiations and urges an immediate armistice. Austria-Hungary and Turkey send similar notes. King Ferdinand had abdicated the day before.
- Oct. 8.—President Wilson replies to Prince Max through the Swiss Government, asking whom Prince Max represents.
- Oct. 12.—Dr. Solf, the new German Foreign Secretary, replies, alleging he speaks in the name of the people as represented by the Reichstag leaders.
- Oct. 14.—President Wilson in reply states that no armistice can be arranged unless the military superiority of the Allies be protected, and he points out the present illegal practices of the German military command.
- Oct. 19.—In replying to an Austro-Hungarian note received on Oct. 7, the President declares that the original proposition no longer obtains, as the United States has recognised the Czechoslovak State as a belligerent and the aspirations of the Jugoslavs

Appendix

for independence. Austria-Hungary should therefore address herself to these peoples, as mere "autonomy" for them is no longer a basis of peace.

Oct. 21.—Dr. Solf replies to the President's note of Oct. 14, describes the German political reforms, [see Revolutions in Germany,] and asks for an opportunity to fix the details of an armistice.

Oct. 23.—President Wilson in reply indicates the kind of armistice the Allies have to offer, but still expresses doubt as to German political reforms. He forwards the correspondence to the Allies.

Oct. 29.—Austria-Hungary's Foreign Minister asks the American Secretary of State to intervene with the President for immediate armistice.

Oct. 31.—The Interallied War Council meets at Versailles and frames the terms of armistice, which the German delegates sign Nov. 11.